DANDY

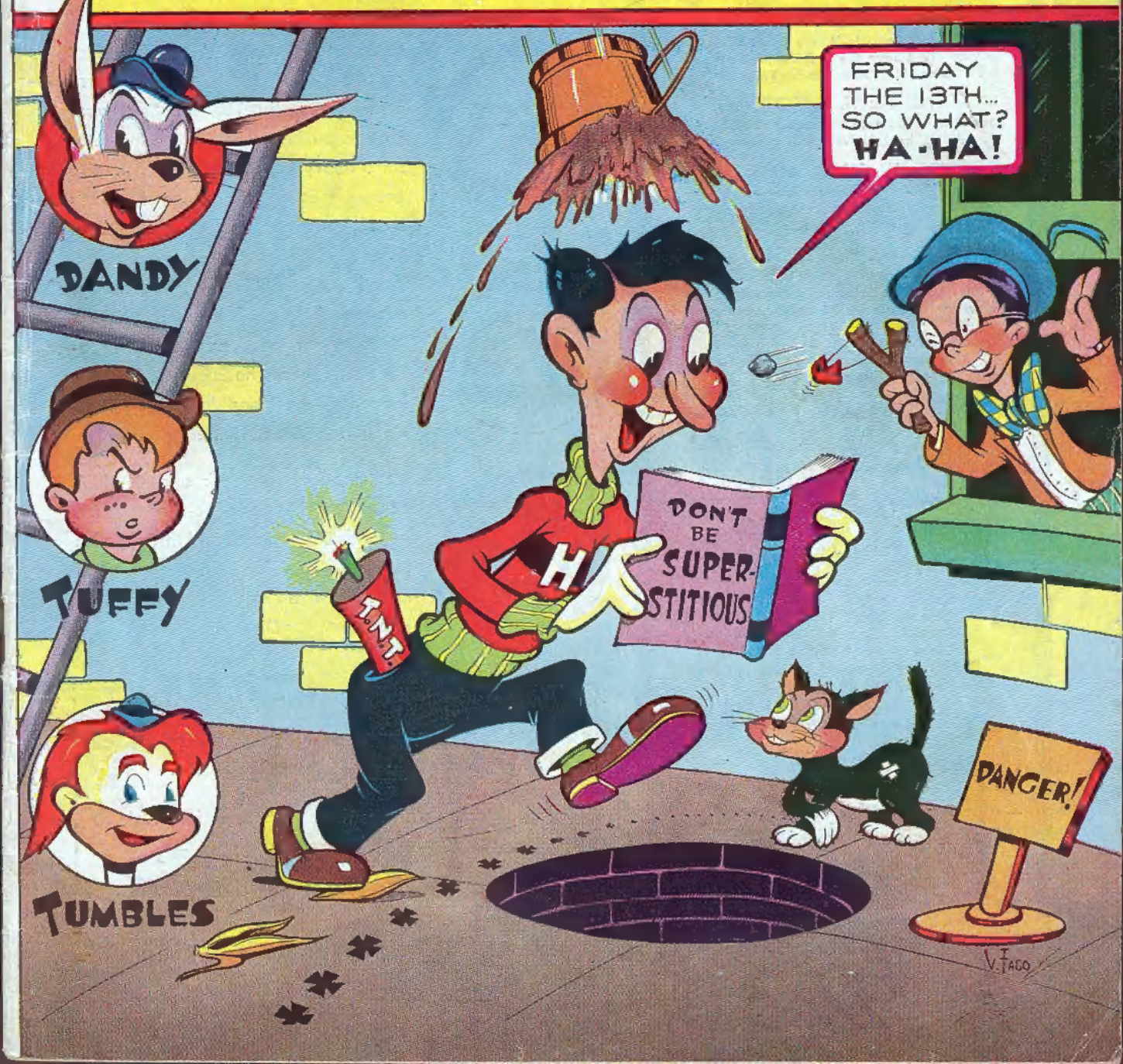
DANDY COMICS

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMIC

ALL PAGES IN FULL COLOR 10¢

NO. 4

M-DIS



There's another riot of fun with Handy Andy and the rest of your new friends in DANDY COMICS!

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AN EDUCATIONAL EC COMIC

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The housing shortage is terrific, and poor **HANDY ANDY** finds himsef without a roof over his head! So he begins to build himself a home . . . a little place he can call his own! Before long he's calling it everything else in the book!

Clarence is anxious to get into that big baseball game against the Berry Street Tigers, but **TUFFY** doesn't want rookies on his team! Which indicates some heavy thinking by Clarence, and proves that in the Spring a young man's fancy turns to...electromagnets!

You know **TUMBLES** . . . he's always ready to help his friends! This time it involves him in several knotty problems and before he knows it, he finds himself in the Lions' lair . . . not to mention the Lions' HAIR!

It's Lend-A-Hand-Week and **DANDY**, as usual, is johnny-on-the-spot! In fact, he lends BOTH hands and throws in his hat, rake and lawn-mower for good measure! It all adds up to a painful experience for Dimmy!

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

HANDY ANDY, TUMBLES, DANDY and **BAFFY BILL** all chip in to make it another Laugh-Fest!

You can't afford to miss these wonderful features! Be SURE to watch for **DANDY COMICS** No. 5 at your favorite newsstand!

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HANDY ANDY

PSST, ANDY—DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT YOUR WHEEL-BARROW IS UPSIDE-DOWN!

SSH! I *KNOW*—BUT I'M TOO *SHREWD* FOR 'EM! EVERYTIME I TURN IT OVER.... THE BOSS PUTS *BRICKS* IN IT!

VINCE FAGO

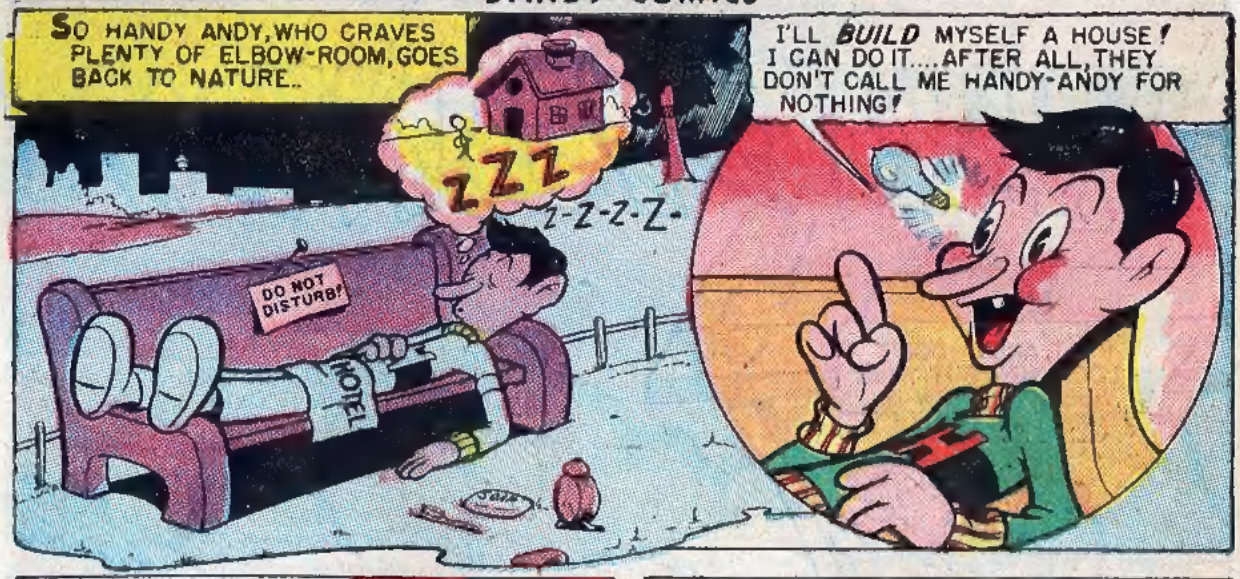
...TALK ABOUT THE HOUSING SHORTAGE...WHY ANDY'S IS *SO SHORT*...HIS FEET STICK OUT OF IT!

-Z-Z-Z-Z-

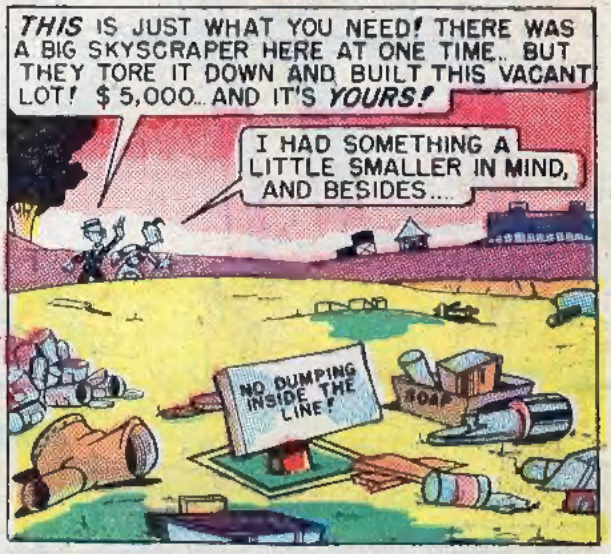
HUH?

SORRY, BUSTER...BUT WE GOT OUR *OWN* TROUBLES FINDING A PLACE TO LIVE...

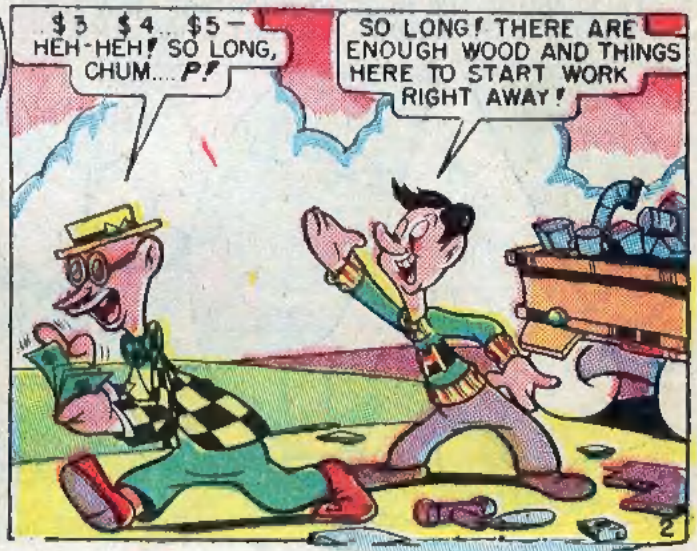
...AND THIS IS A *PUP TENT!*

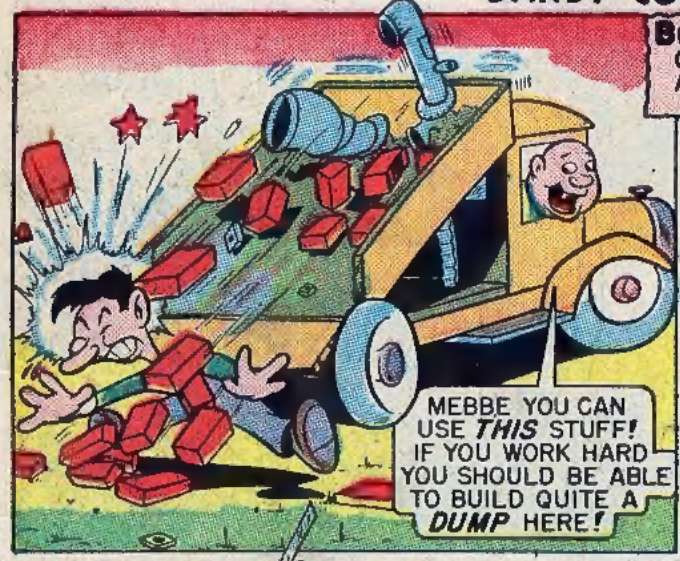

SO HANDY ANDY, WHO CRAVES PLENTY OF ELBOW-ROOM, GOES BACK TO NATURE..
ZZZ
Z-Z-Z-Z-
DO NOT DISTURB!
HOTEL
I'LL BUILD MYSELF A HOUSE! I CAN DO IT.... AFTER ALL, THEY DON'T CALL ME HANDY-ANDY FOR NOTHING!

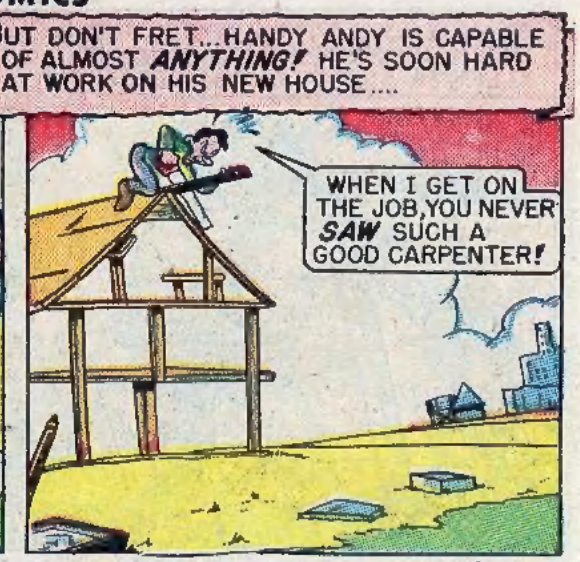
I JUST HAPPENED TO BE PASSING BY AND I OVERHEARD YOU THINKING, CHUM! WHAT YOU NEED IS A LOT!
A LOT OF WHAT?

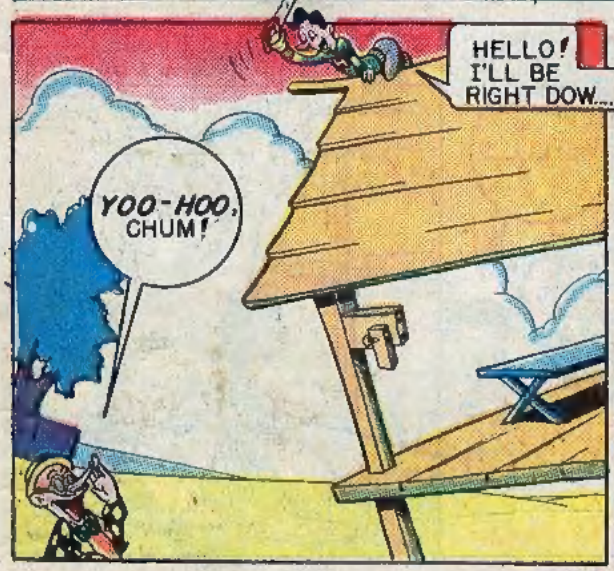

THIS IS JUST WHAT YOU NEED! THERE WAS A BIG SKYSCRAPER HERE AT ONE TIME.. BUT THEY TORE IT DOWN AND BUILT THIS VACANT LOT! $5,000.. AND IT'S YOURS!
I HAD SOMETHING A LITTLE SMALLER IN MIND, AND BESIDES....
NO DUMPING INSIDE THE LINE!

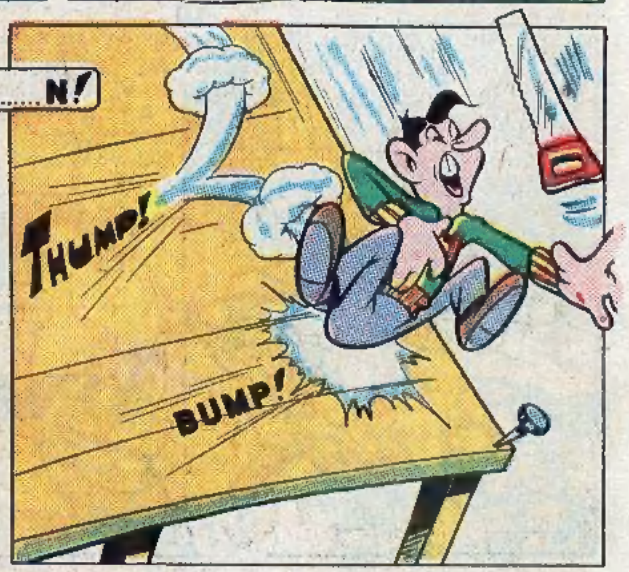
I'VE ONLY GOT $5!
SOLD !!!


$3 $4... $5— HEH-HEH! SO LONG, CHUM.... P!
SO LONG! THERE ARE ENOUGH WOOD AND THINGS HERE TO START WORK RIGHT AWAY!


MEBBE YOU CAN USE *THIS* STUFF! IF YOU WORK HARD YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO BUILD QUITE A *DUMP* HERE!

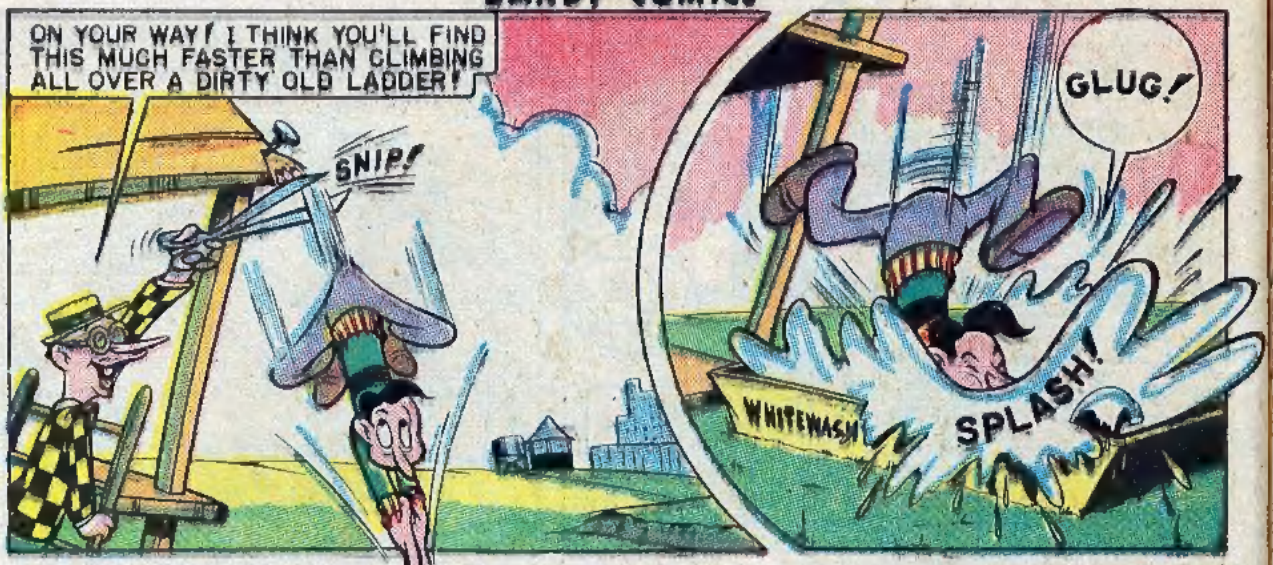

BUT DON'T FRET...HANDY ANDY IS CAPABLE OF ALMOST *ANYTHING!* HE'S SOON HARD AT WORK ON HIS NEW HOUSE....
WHEN I GET ON THE JOB, YOU NEVER *SAW* SUCH A GOOD CARPENTER!

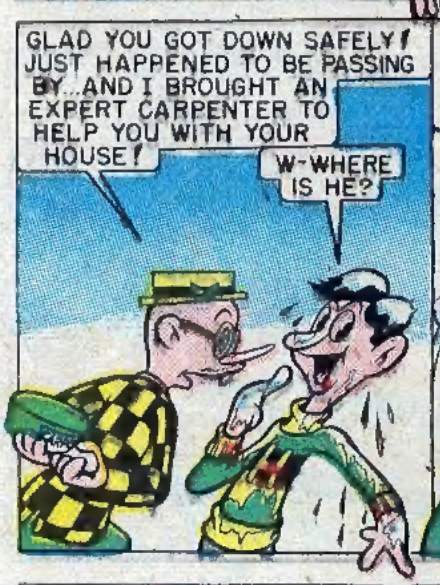

HELLO! I'LL BE RIGHT DOW.....N!
YOO-HOO, CHUM!


THUMP!
BUMP!

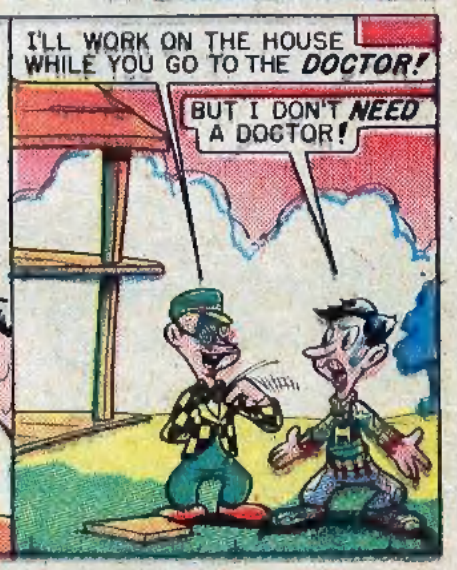
HELP! GET ME DOWN!
DON'T GO AWAY...I'LL GET A LADDER!

NOT A THING TO WORRY ABOUT, CHUM! I'LL SOON HAVE YOU OUT OF YOUR PRESENT DIFFICULTY!
OH-OH!


ON YOUR WAY! I THINK YOU'LL FIND THIS MUCH FASTER THAN CLIMBING ALL OVER A DIRTY OLD LADDER!
SNIP!
GLUG!
WHITEWASH
SPLASH!


GLAD YOU GOT DOWN SAFELY! JUST HAPPENED TO BE PASSING BY...AND I BROUGHT AN EXPERT CARPENTER TO HELP YOU WITH YOUR HOUSE!
W-WHERE IS HE?

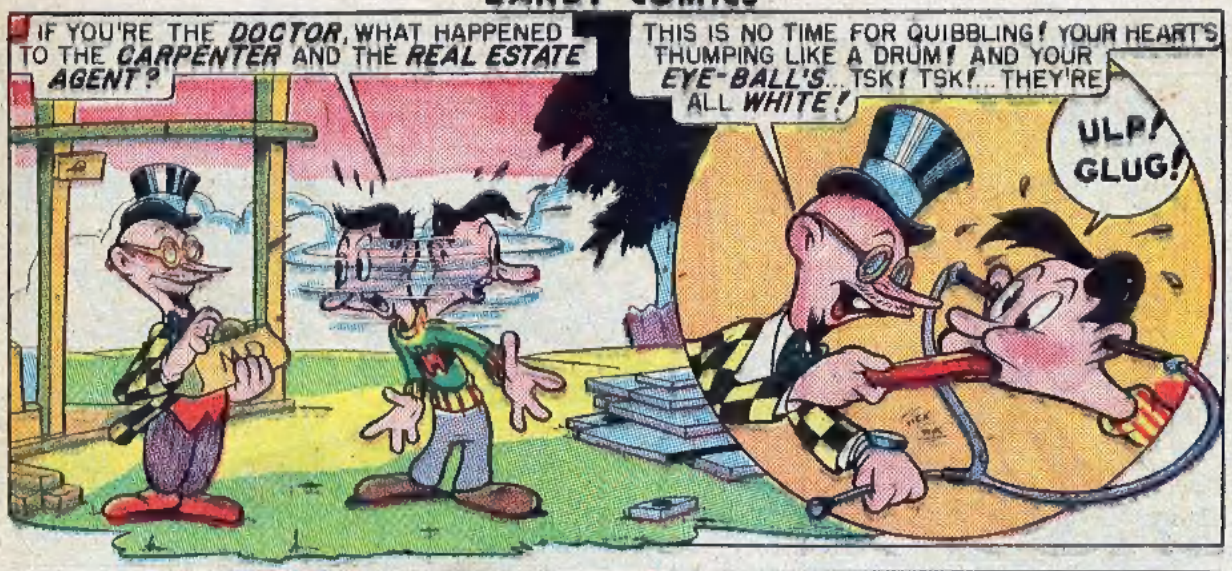
RIGHT *HERE!* JUST GIVE ME THE WORD AND I'LL HAVE THE HOUSE UP IN A FLASH!
WE-ELL...?

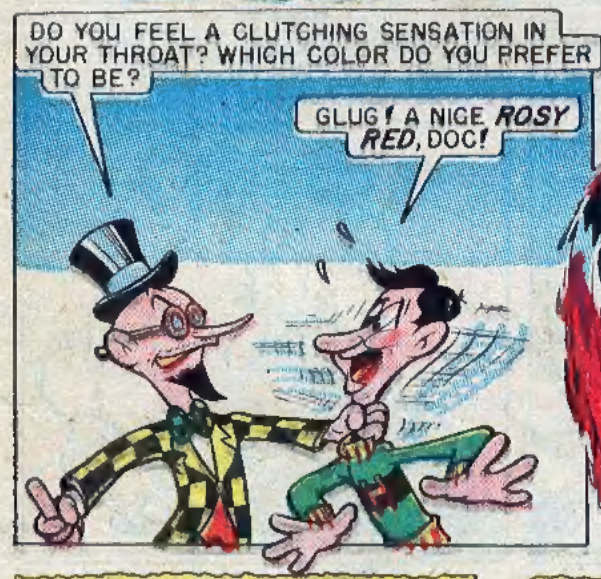

I'LL WORK ON THE HOUSE WHILE YOU GO TO THE *DOCTOR!*
BUT I DON'T *NEED* A DOCTOR!

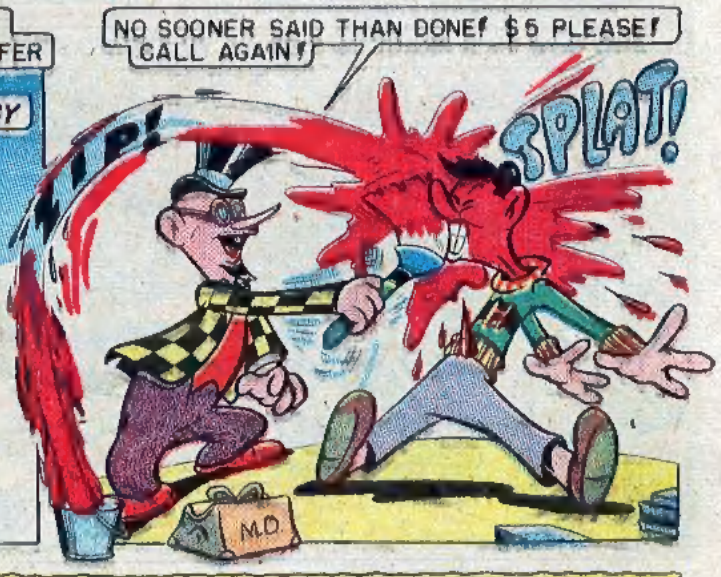
YOU LOOK MIGHTY *PALE*, CHUM! SEE?
OOOH! I *AM* ALL WHITE! I'M SICK... I'M *DYING!* HELP!

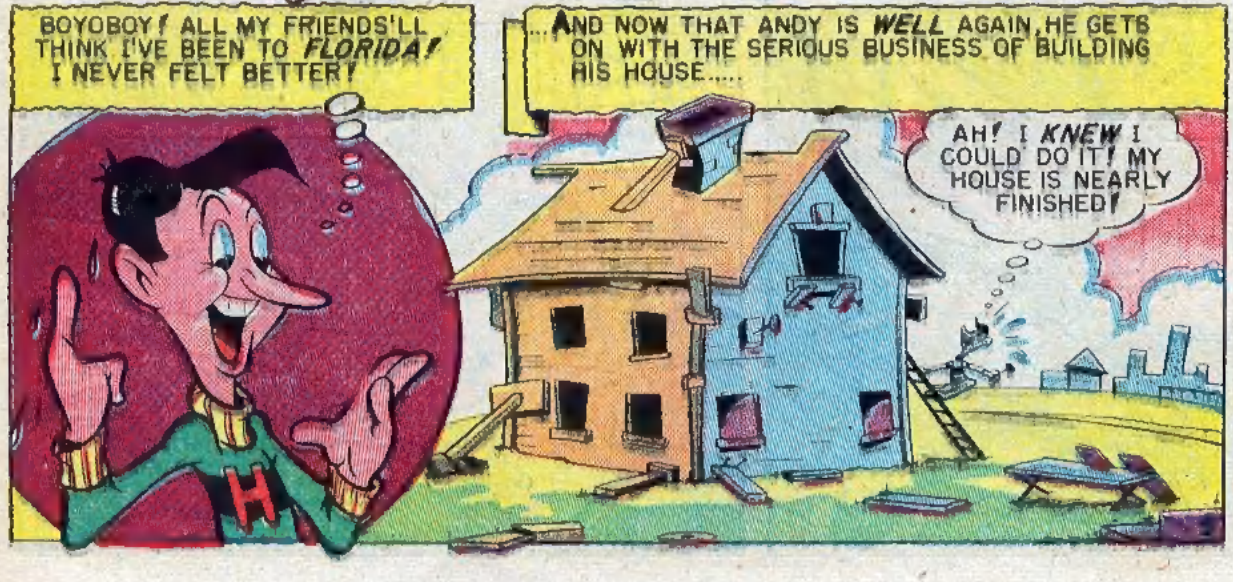
HELP! CALL A DOCTOR!

I'M A DOCTOR! JUST HAPPENED TO BE PASSING BY! WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?
M.D.

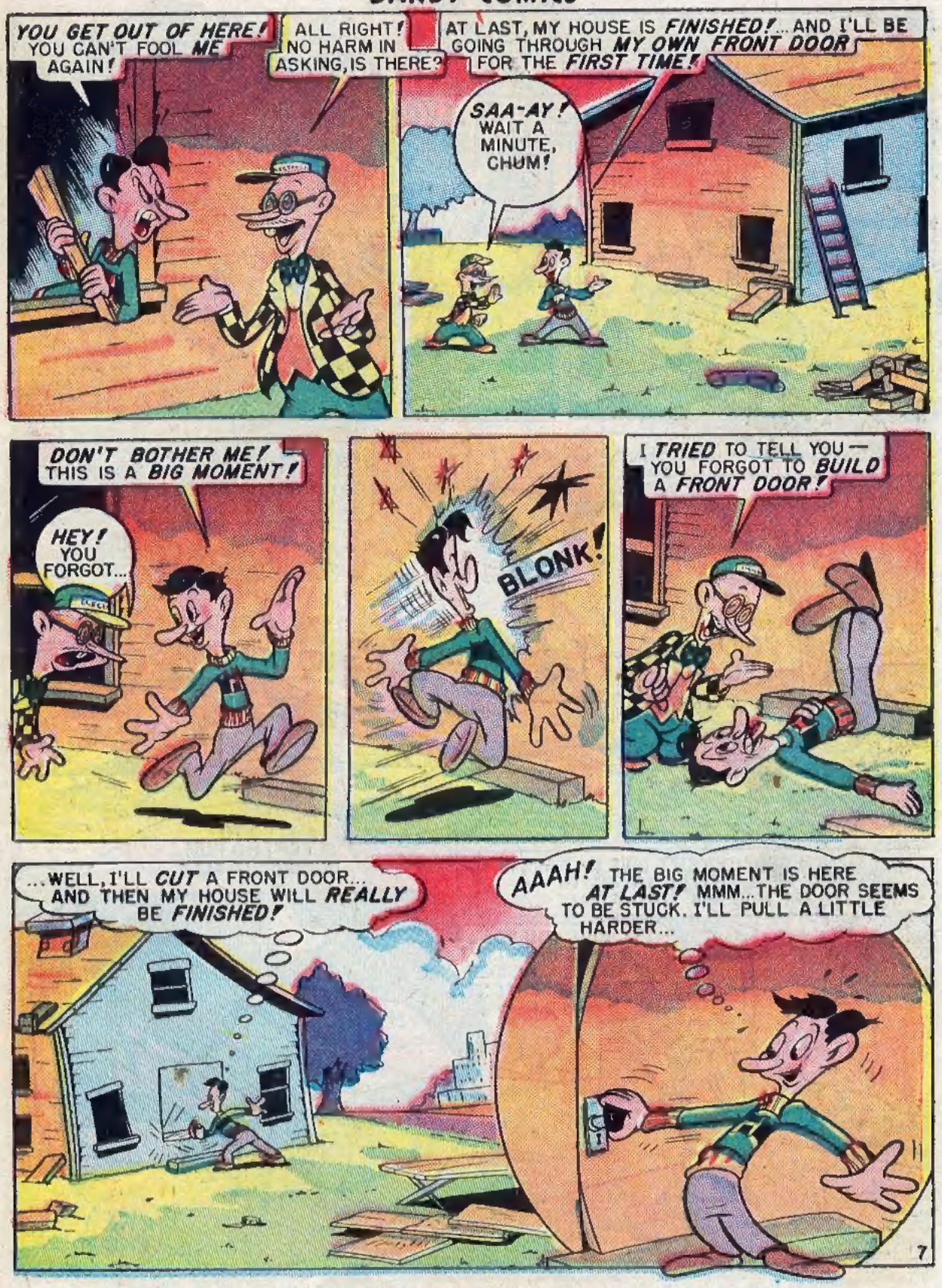

IF YOU'RE THE DOCTOR, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CARPENTER AND THE REAL ESTATE AGENT?
THIS IS NO TIME FOR QUIBBLING! YOUR HEART'S THUMPING LIKE A DRUM! AND YOUR EYE-BALL'S... TSK! TSK!... THEY'RE ALL WHITE!
ULP! GLUG!

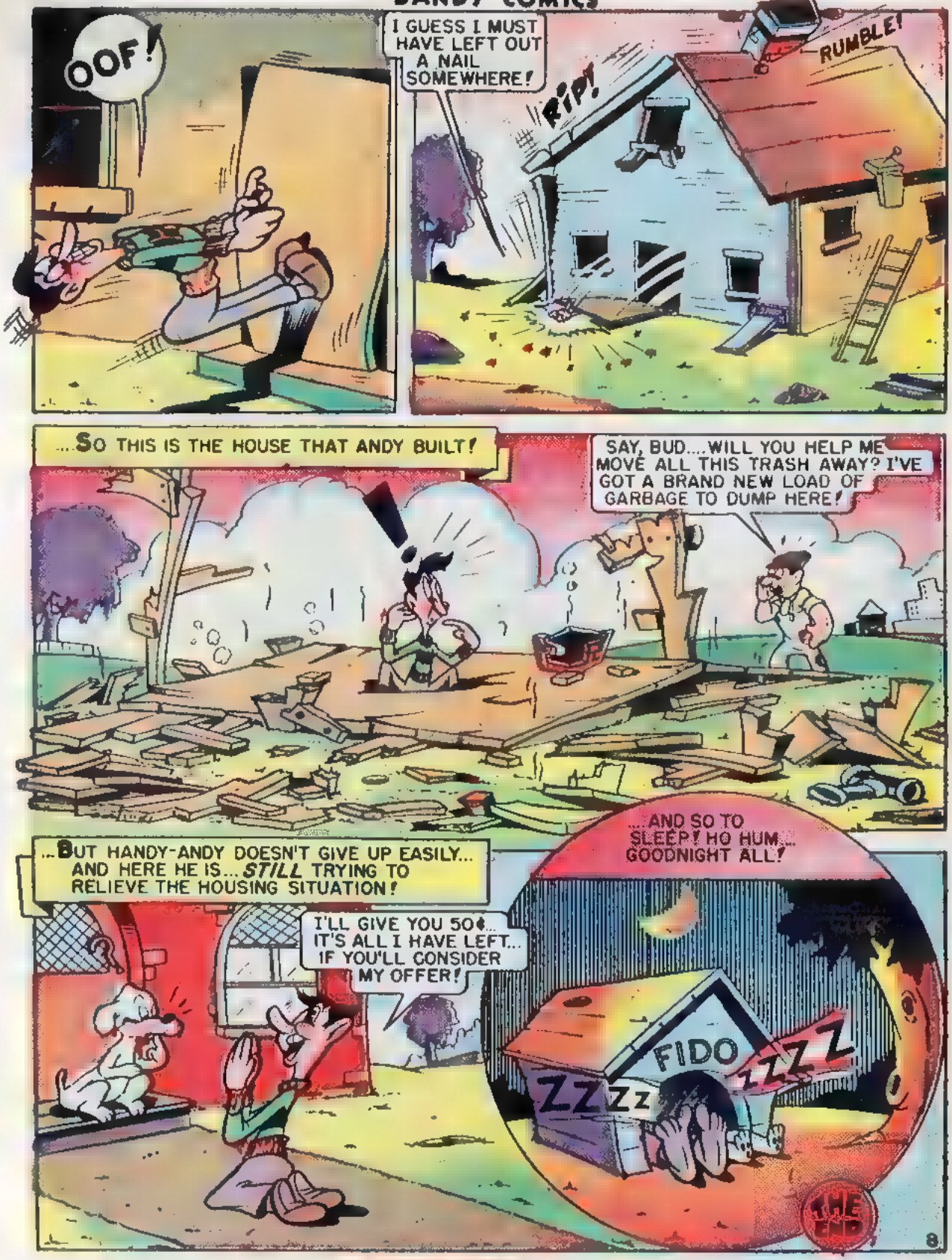

DO YOU FEEL A CLUTCHING SENSATION IN YOUR THROAT? WHICH COLOR DO YOU PREFER TO BE?
GLUG! A NICE ROSY RED, DOC!


NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE! $5 PLEASE! CALL AGAIN!
SPLAT!
M.D.


BOYOBOY! ALL MY FRIENDS'LL THINK I'VE BEEN TO FLORIDA! I NEVER FELT BETTER!
...AND NOW THAT ANDY IS WELL AGAIN, HE GETS ON WITH THE SERIOUS BUSINESS OF BUILDING HIS HOUSE.....
AH! I KNEW I COULD DO IT! MY HOUSE IS NEARLY FINISHED!

HE HAMMERS...
OHHH!
...HE SAWS...
TE-TE-TA-TA-A
...HE FINDS IT'S A VERY HOD JOB CARRYING BRICKS...
KLOMP
...AND NOW HE'S READY TO INSTALL ELECTRICITY...
MY HOME IS GOING TO HAVE ALL THE MODERN CONVENIENCES, AND I'LL DO IT MYSELF!
HMMM! THESE WIRES MUST HAVE BROKEN...I BETTER PUT THEM TOGETHER AGAIN!
EEE!
JUST HAPPENED TO BE IN THE VICINITY...AND THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO USE A SKILLED ELECTRICIAN!
ELECTRIC
TAP
TAP

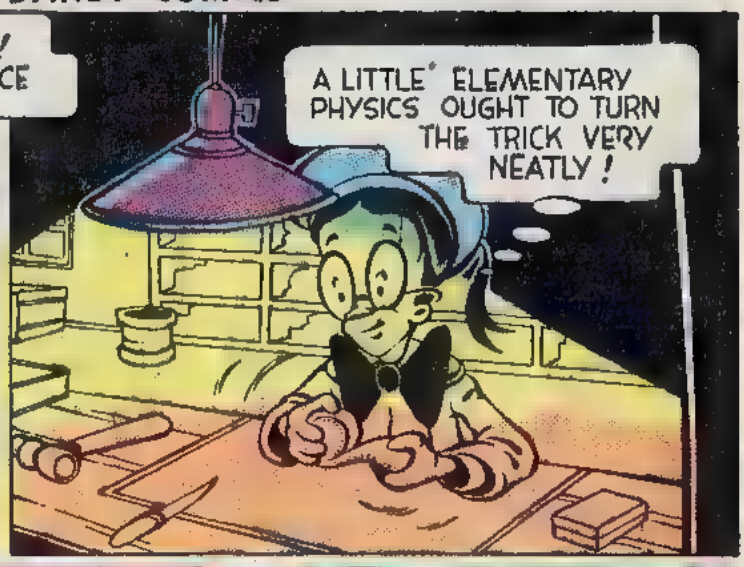

YOU GET OUT OF HERE! YOU CAN'T FOOL ME AGAIN!
ALL RIGHT! NO HARM IN ASKING, IS THERE?
AT LAST, MY HOUSE IS FINISHED!... AND I'LL BE GOING THROUGH MY OWN FRONT DOOR FOR THE FIRST TIME!
SAA-AY! WAIT A MINUTE, CHUM!
DON'T BOTHER ME! THIS IS A BIG MOMENT!
HEY! YOU FORGOT...
BLONK!
I TRIED TO TELL YOU — YOU FORGOT TO BUILD A FRONT DOOR!
...WELL, I'LL CUT A FRONT DOOR... AND THEN MY HOUSE WILL REALLY BE FINISHED!
AAAH! THE BIG MOMENT IS HERE AT LAST! MMM...THE DOOR SEEMS TO BE STUCK. I'LL PULL A LITTLE HARDER...

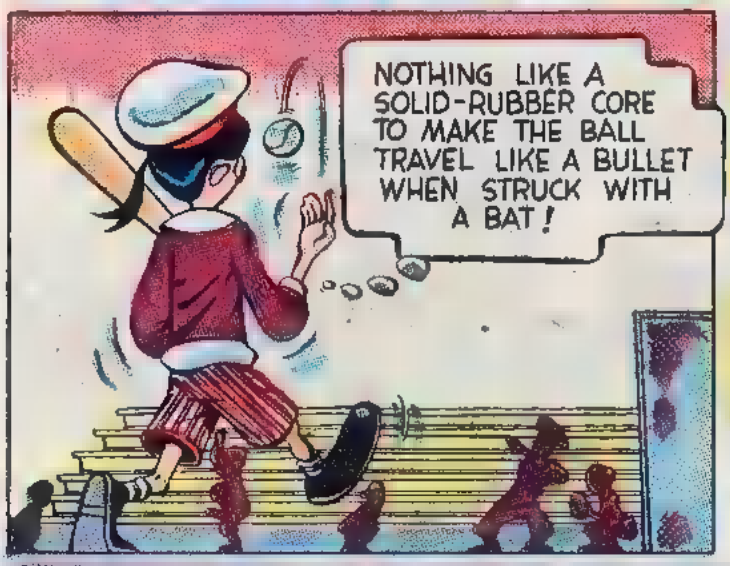


ANOTHER RIOT OF FUN WITH HANDY ANDY IN EVERY ISSUE OF DANDY COMICS!

Tuffy
HEY WAIT UP FOR ME!
I THOUGHT PERHAPS I MIGHT—
WELL, YA CAN'T! WE GOT A TOUGH GAME COMIN' UP WIT' DA BERRY STREET TIGERS! NO ROOKIES ALLOWED!
NOT SO GOOD! A BIT OF BRAINWORK IS INDICATED!
1

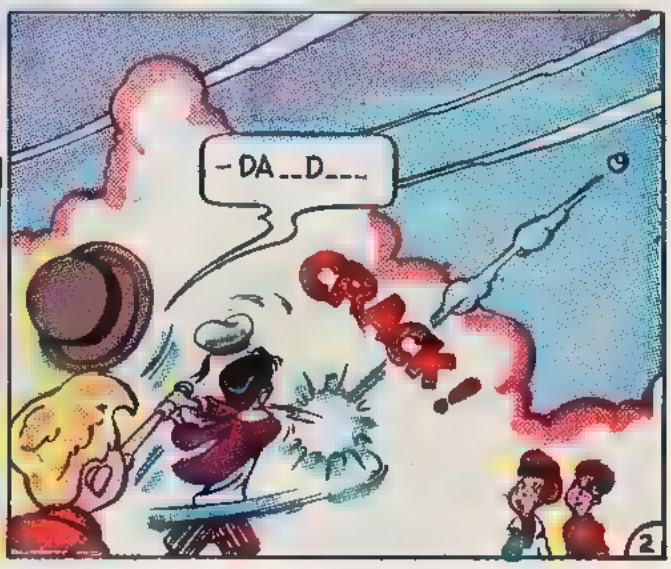
I'LL PLAY ON HIS TEAM YET! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS CONVINCE HIM THAT — HMM!

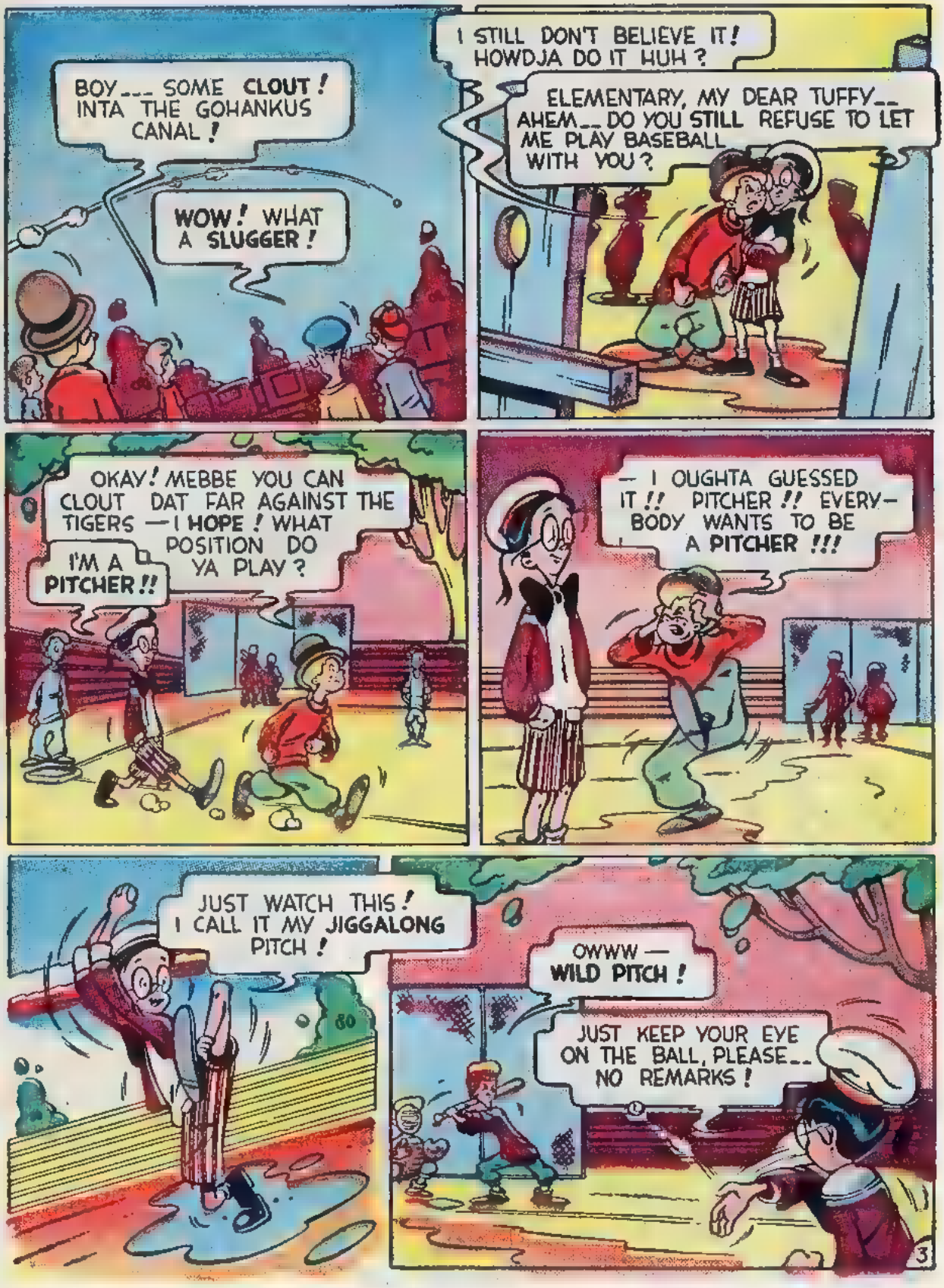

A LITTLE ELEMENTARY PHYSICS OUGHT TO TURN THE TRICK VERY NEATLY!

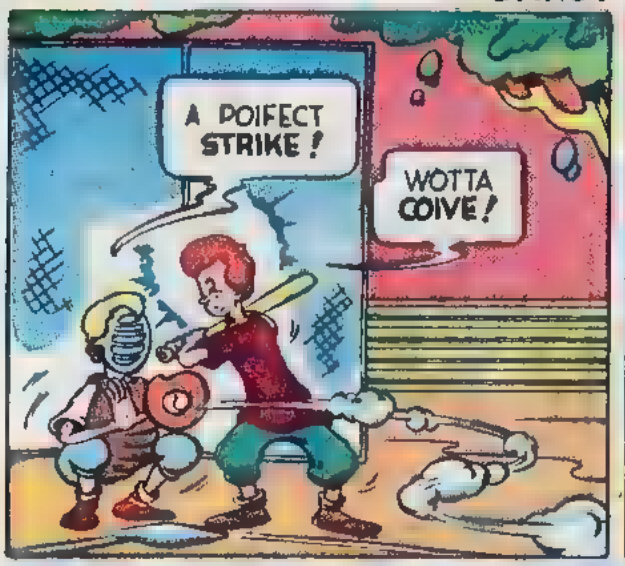

NOTHING LIKE A SOLID-RUBBER CORE TO MAKE THE BALL TRAVEL LIKE A BULLET WHEN STRUCK WITH A BAT!

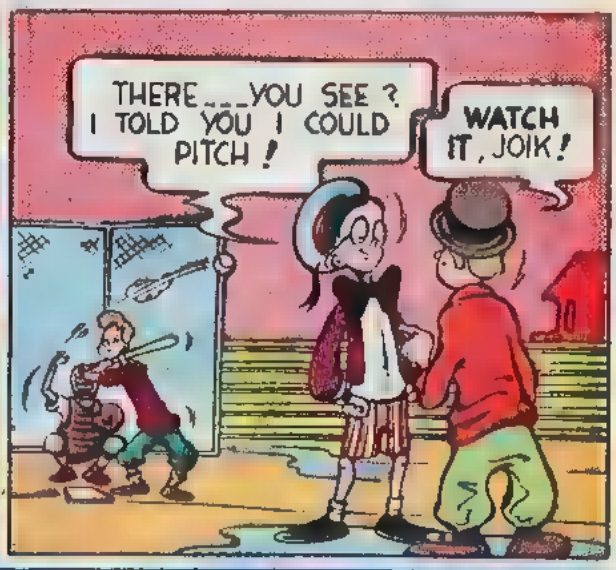
I'LL OPEN UP THEIR EYES WITH THIS!

HEY, YOU! I TOLDJA WE COULDN'T USE YA, DIDN'T I? NOW GET—

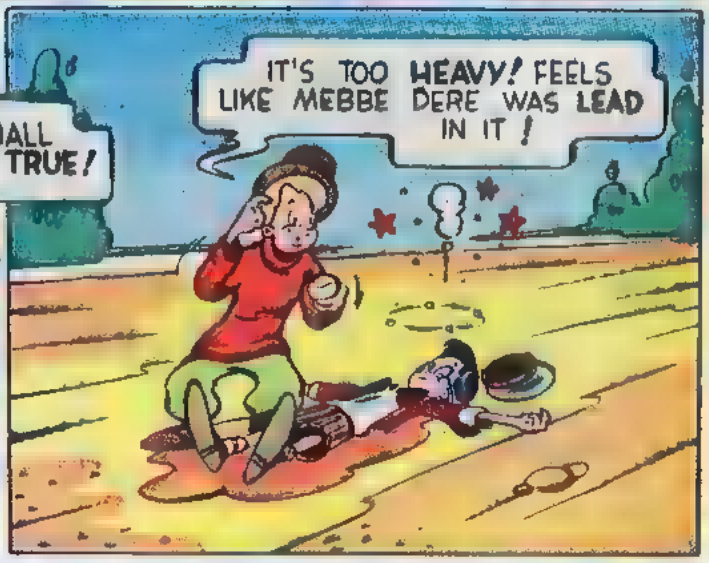

—DA__D___
CRACK!

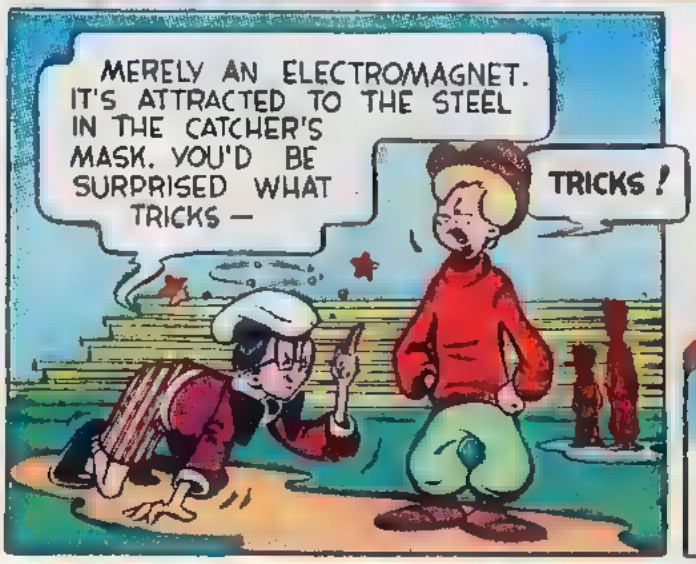

BOY___ SOME CLOUT! INTA THE GOHANKUS CANAL!
WOW! WHAT A SLUGGER!
I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT! HOWDJA DO IT HUH?
ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR TUFFY__ AHEM__ DO YOU STILL REFUSE TO LET ME PLAY BASEBALL WITH YOU?
OKAY! MEBBE YOU CAN CLOUT DAT FAR AGAINST THE TIGERS — I HOPE! WHAT POSITION DO YA PLAY?
I'M A PITCHER!!
— I OUGHTA GUESSED IT!! PITCHER!! EVERY-BODY WANTS TO BE A PITCHER!!!
JUST WATCH THIS! I CALL IT MY JIGGALONG PITCH!
OWWW — WILD PITCH!
JUST KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL, PLEASE__ NO REMARKS!
3

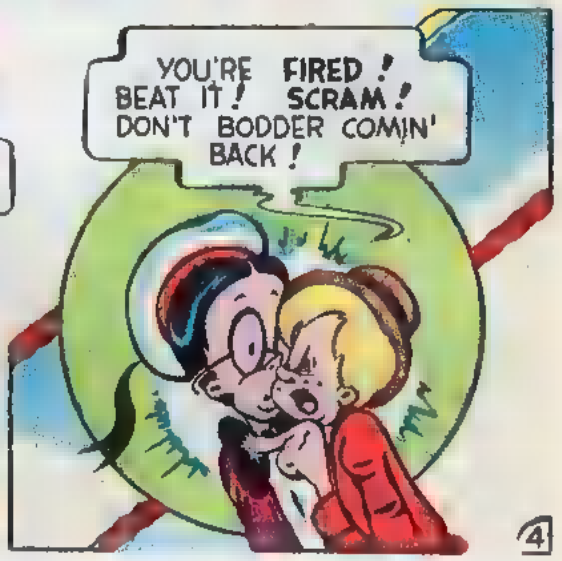

A POIFECT STRIKE!
WOTTA COIVE!

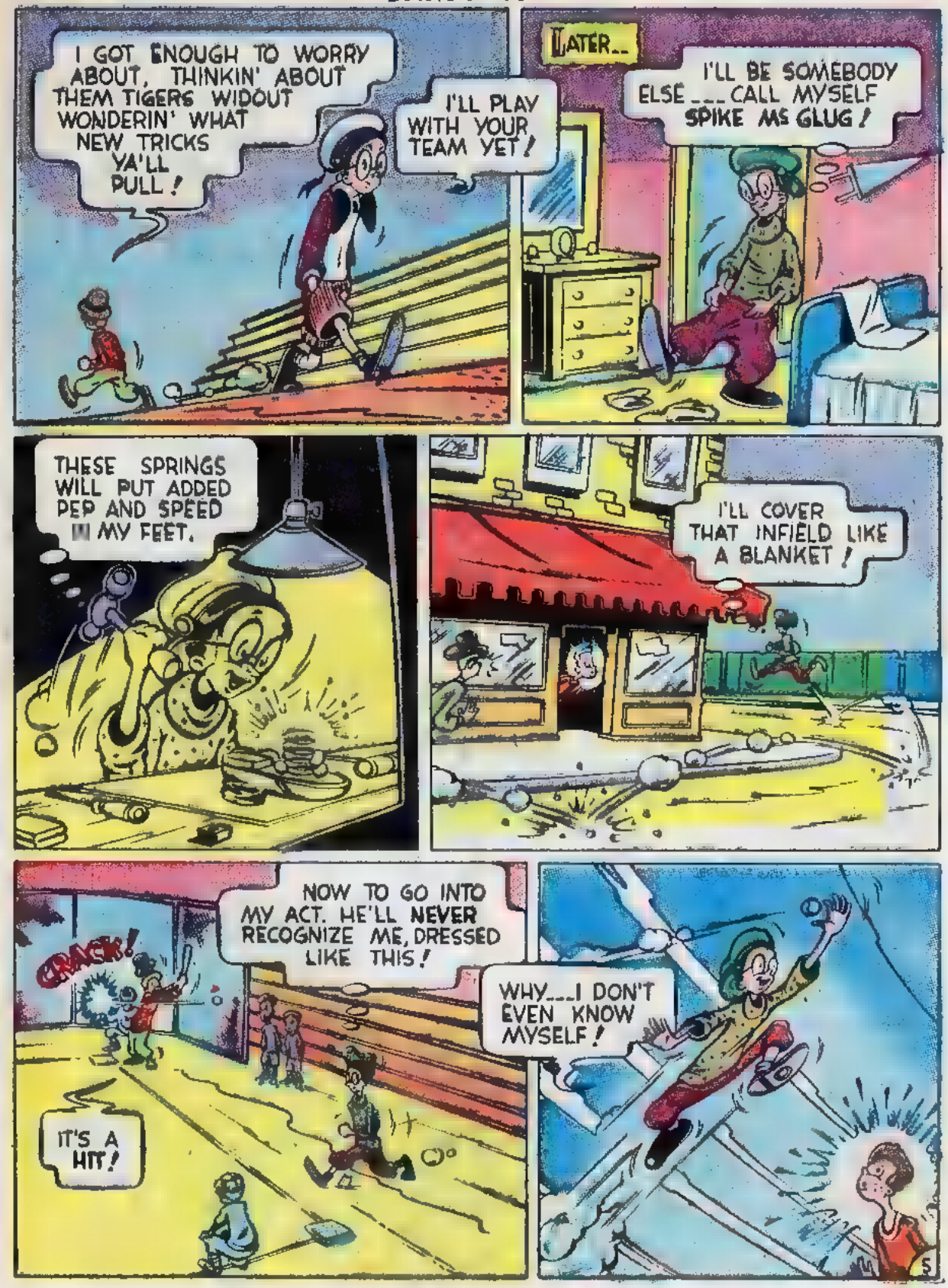

THERE___YOU SEE ? I TOLD YOU I COULD PITCH!
WATCH IT, JOIK!

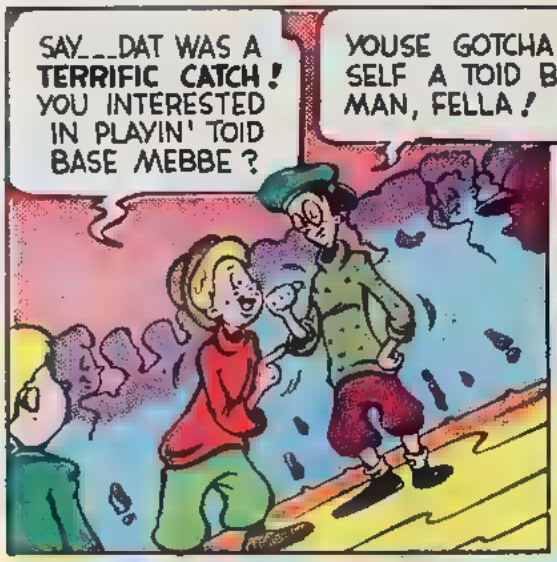
CLUNK!
SAY__DAT BALL DON'T RING TRUE!

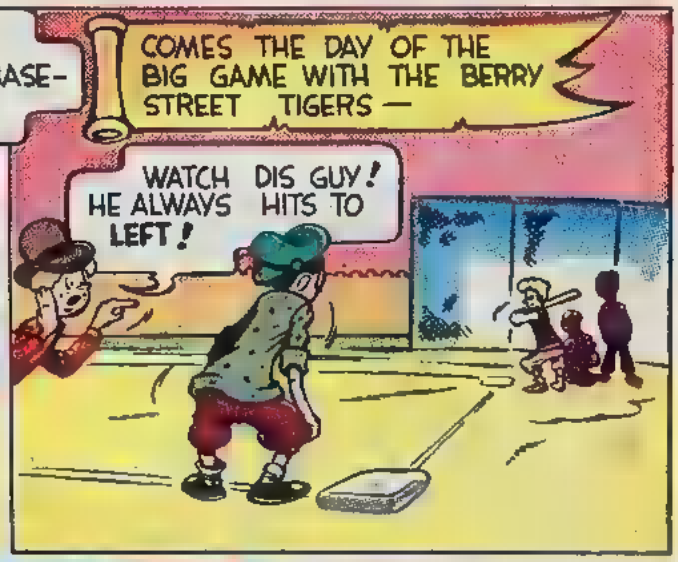

IT'S TOO HEAVY! FEELS LIKE MEBBE DERE WAS LEAD IN IT!

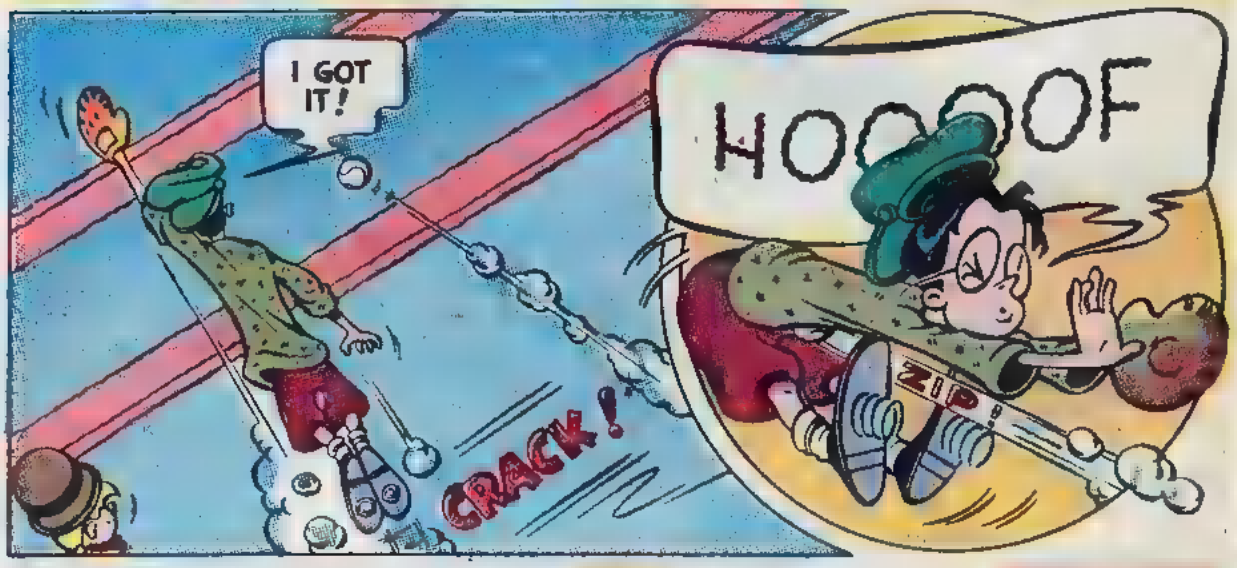

MERELY AN ELECTROMAGNET. IT'S ATTRACTED TO THE STEEL IN THE CATCHER'S MASK. YOU'D BE SURPRISED WHAT TRICKS —
TRICKS!

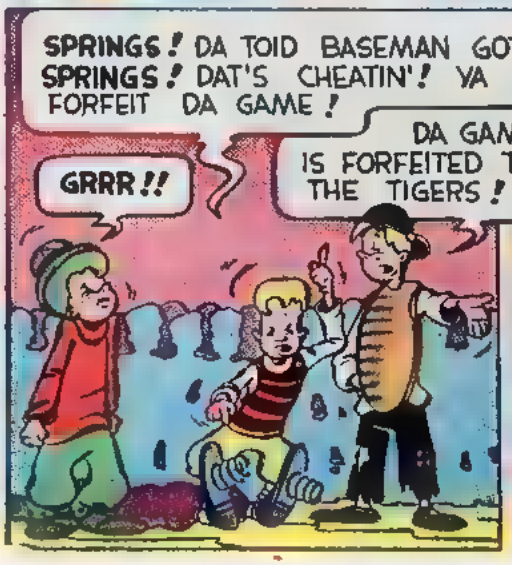

YOU'RE FIRED! BEAT IT! SCRAM! DON'T BODDER COMIN' BACK!

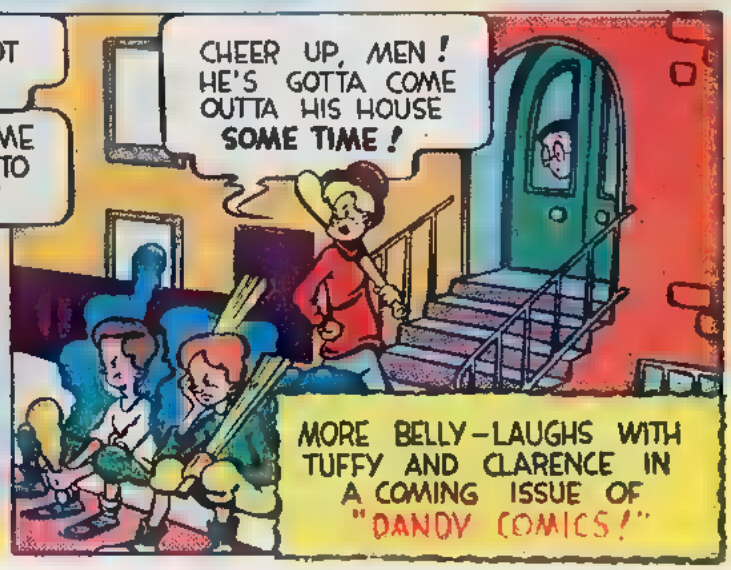

I GOT ENOUGH TO WORRY ABOUT, THINKIN' ABOUT THEM TIGERS WIDOUT WONDERIN' WHAT NEW TRICKS YA'LL PULL!
I'LL PLAY WITH YOUR TEAM YET!
LATER...
I'LL BE SOMEBODY ELSE ___ CALL MYSELF SPIKE MS GLUG!
THESE SPRINGS WILL PUT ADDED PEP AND SPEED IN MY FEET.
I'LL COVER THAT INFIELD LIKE A BLANKET!
NOW TO GO INTO MY ACT. HE'LL NEVER RECOGNIZE ME, DRESSED LIKE THIS!
CRACK!
IT'S A HIT!
WHY___I DON'T EVEN KNOW MYSELF!
5


SAY___DAT WAS A TERRIFIC CATCH! YOU INTERESTED IN PLAYIN' TOID BASE MEBBE?
YOUSE GOTCHA SELF A TOID BASE-MAN, FELLA!


COMES THE DAY OF THE BIG GAME WITH THE BERRY STREET TIGERS —
WATCH DIS GUY! HE ALWAYS HITS TO LEFT!


I GOT IT!
CRACK!
HOOOOF
ZIP


SPRINGS! DA TOID BASEMAN GOT SPRINGS! DAT'S CHEATIN'! YA FORFEIT DA GAME!
GRRR!!
DA GAME IS FORFEITED TO THE TIGERS!


CHEER UP, MEN! HE'S GOTTA COME OUTTA HIS HOUSE SOME TIME!
MORE BELLY-LAUGHS WITH TUFFY AND CLARENCE IN A COMING ISSUE OF "DANDY COMICS!"

TUMBLES

WOULDJA BE A *GOOD BOY* AND PICK UP MY HANKY, TUMBLES?

IT WILL BE A PLEASURE LADY REBA!

AND ALSO A *MAN*-SIZED JOB!

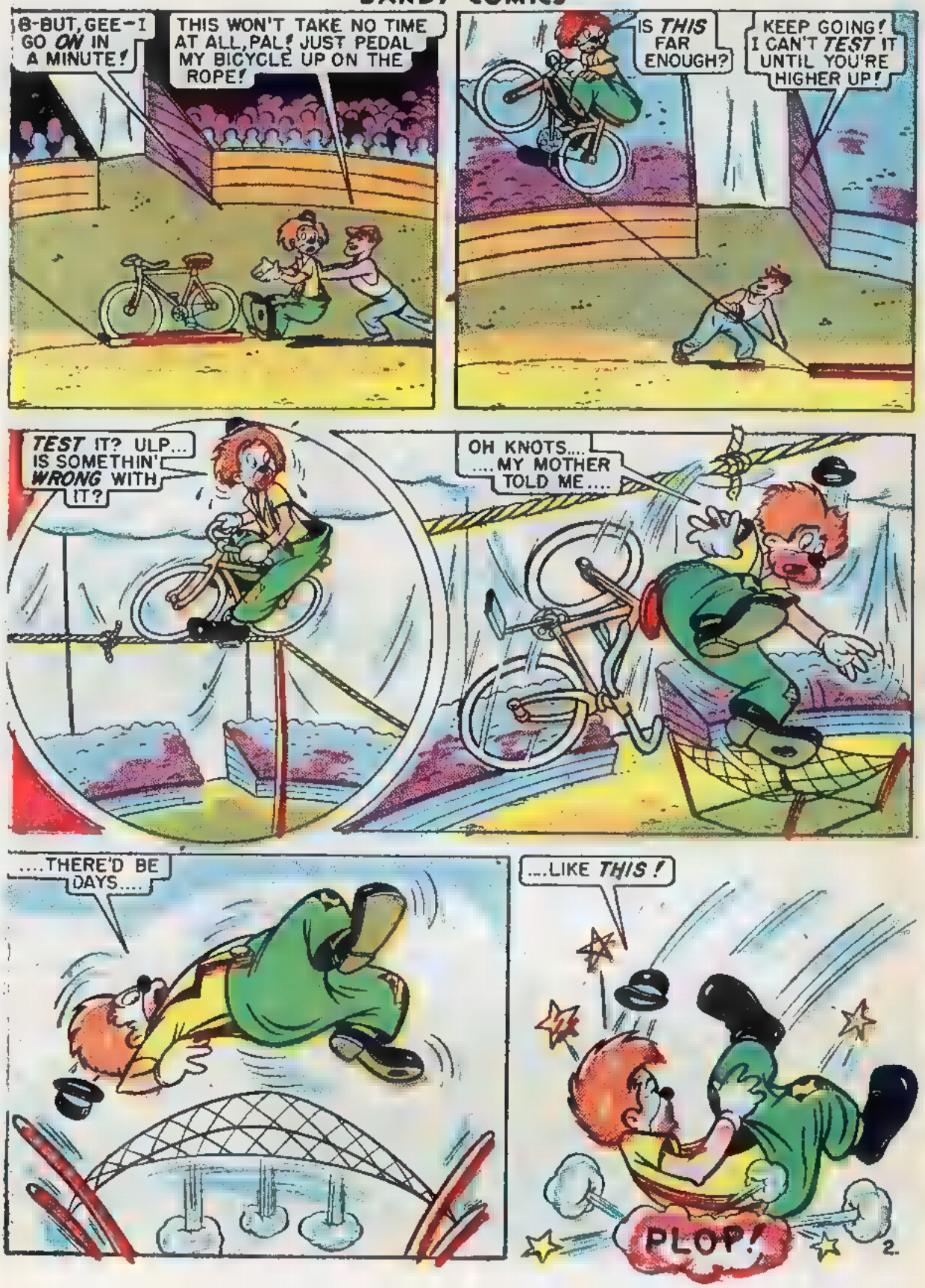
LADY REBA FATTEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD!

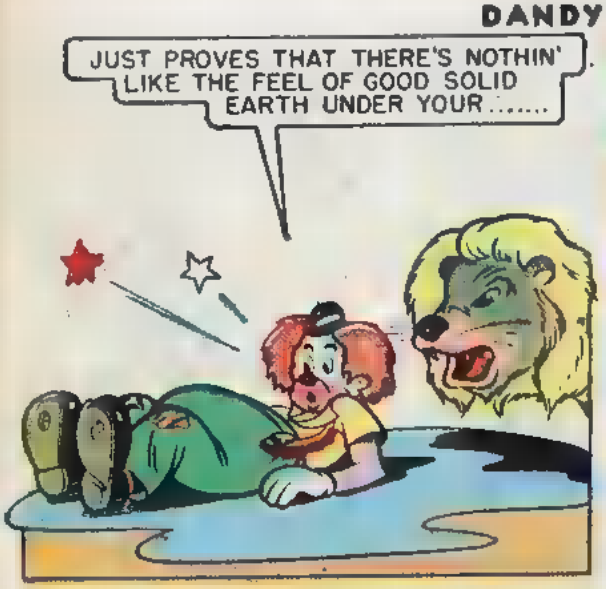
SPEED IT UP, TUMBLES! YOU'RE *ON* A FEW MINUTES!

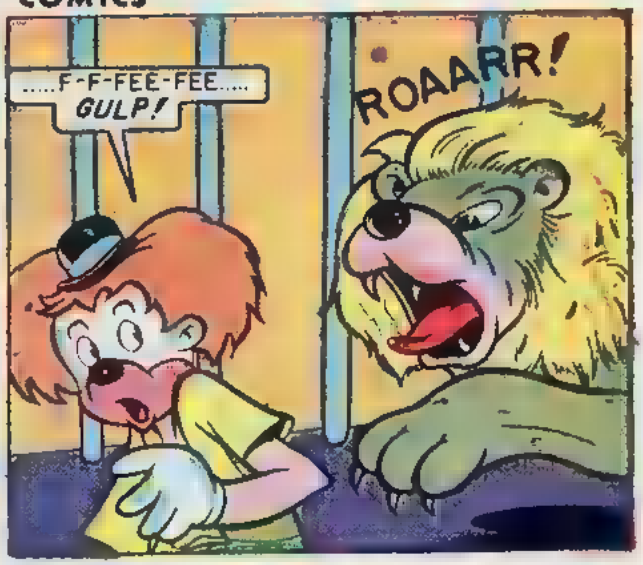
DON'T WORRY, GROWLER, I'M *READY!* I'LL BE OUT IN A JIFFY!

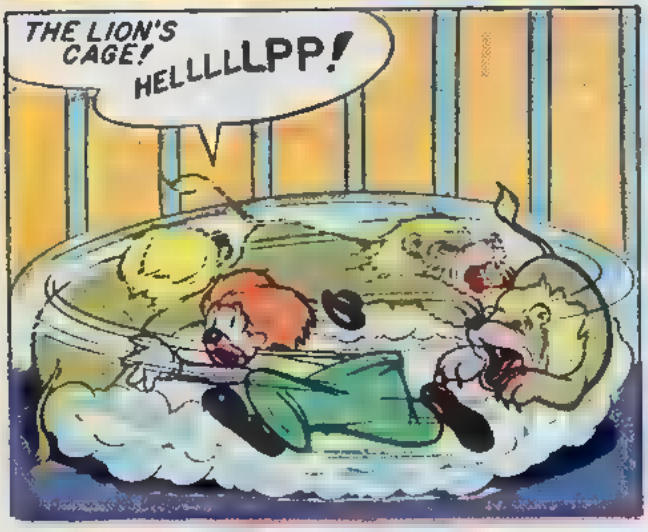
BOYO BOY! FOR ONCE I'LL BE ON *TIME* FOR MY ACT!

HEY, TUMBLES! JUST THE GUY I WANTA SEE—CAN YOU HELP OUT AN OLD FRIEND?

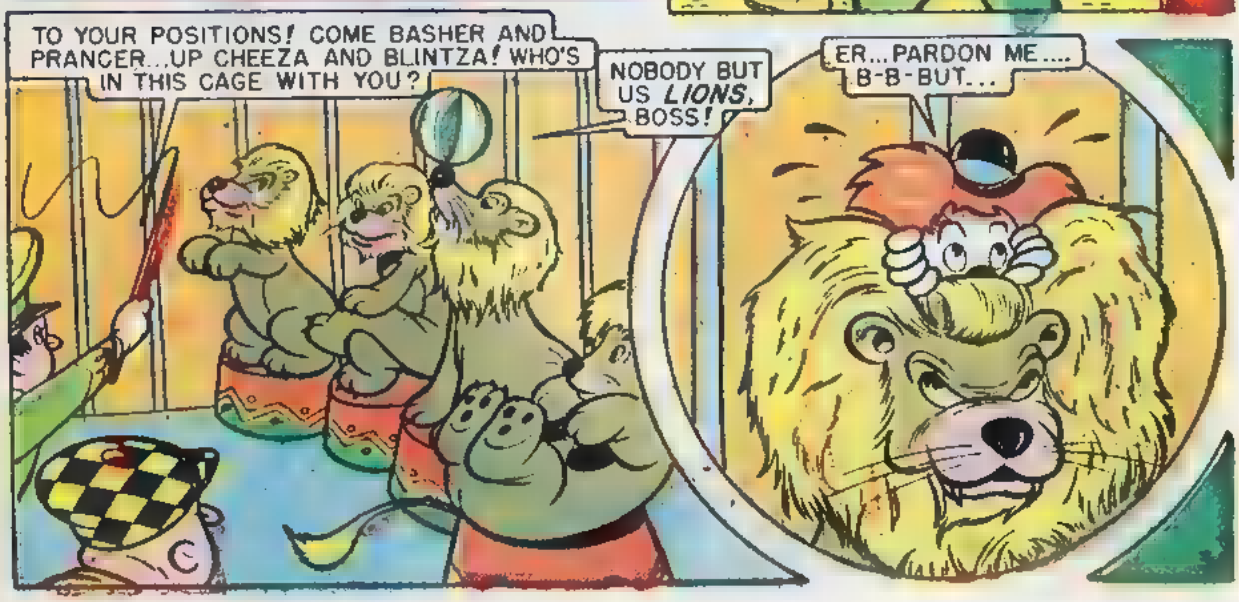

B-BUT, GEE—I GO ON IN A MINUTE!
THIS WON'T TAKE NO TIME AT ALL, PAL! JUST PEDAL MY BICYCLE UP ON THE ROPE!
IS THIS FAR ENOUGH?
KEEP GOING! I CAN'T TEST IT UNTIL YOU'RE HIGHER UP!
TEST IT? ULP... IS SOMETHIN' WRONG WITH IT?
OH KNOTS... ....MY MOTHER TOLD ME....
....THERE'D BE DAYS....
...LIKE THIS!
PLOP!

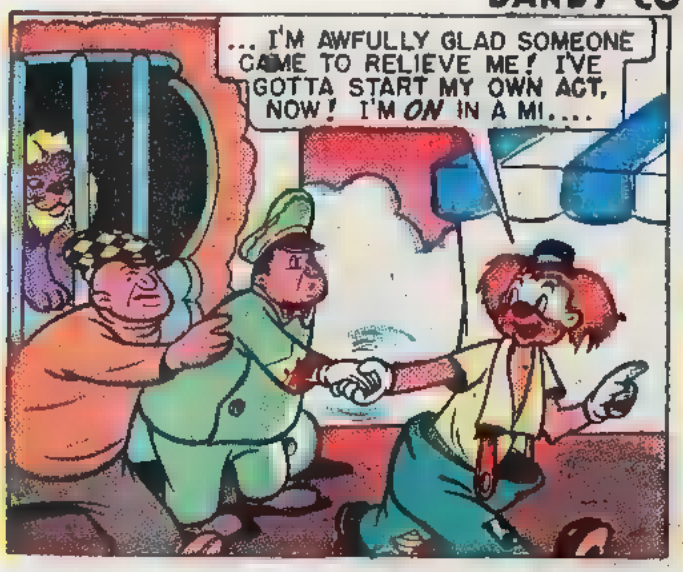

JUST PROVES THAT THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE THE FEEL OF GOOD SOLID EARTH UNDER YOUR.....

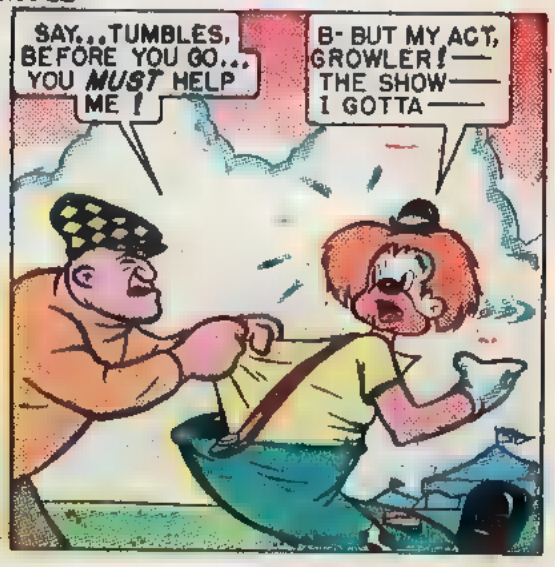

.....F-F-FEE-FEE.....
GULP!
ROAARR!


THE LION'S CAGE!
HELLLLLPP!

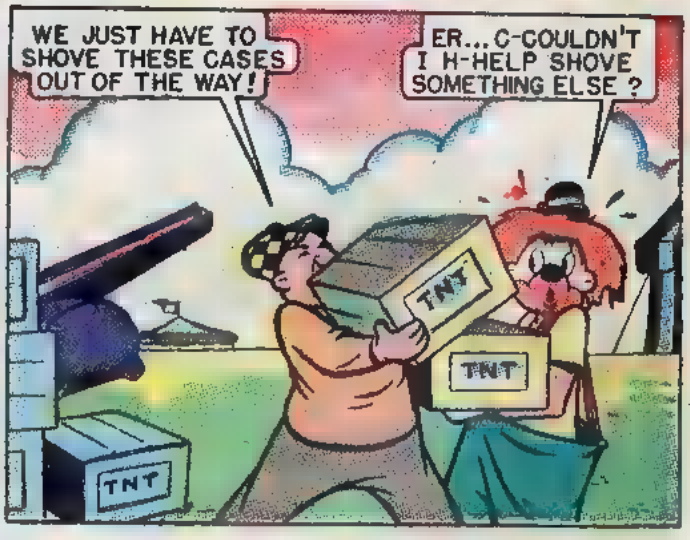
QUICK, MR. BLIPP! TUMBLES JUST FELL OFFA THE HIGH WIRE INTO YOUR LIONS' CAGE!
OH DARN! AND I JUST GOT THEM SO NICE AND COZY BEFORE THEIR NOON MEAL!

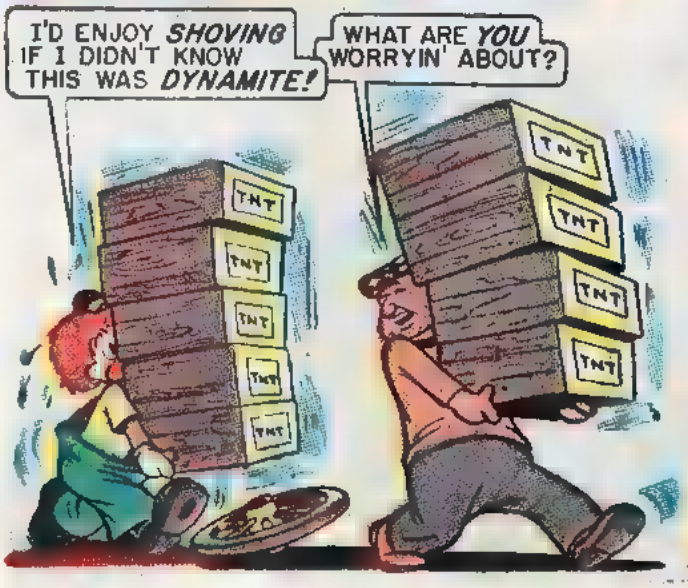

TO YOUR POSITIONS! COME BASHER AND PRANCER...UP CHEEZA AND BLINTZA! WHO'S IN THIS CAGE WITH YOU?
NOBODY BUT US LIONS, BOSS!
ER...PARDON ME.... B-B-BUT...

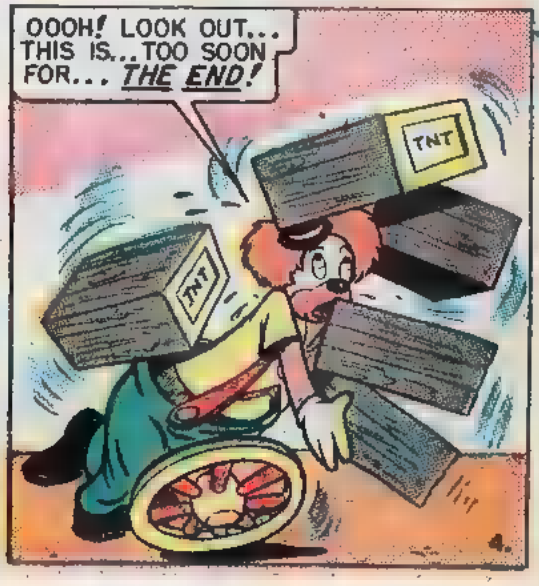

... I'M AWFULLY GLAD SOMEONE CAME TO RELIEVE ME! I'VE GOTTA START MY OWN ACT, NOW! I'M ON IN A MI....

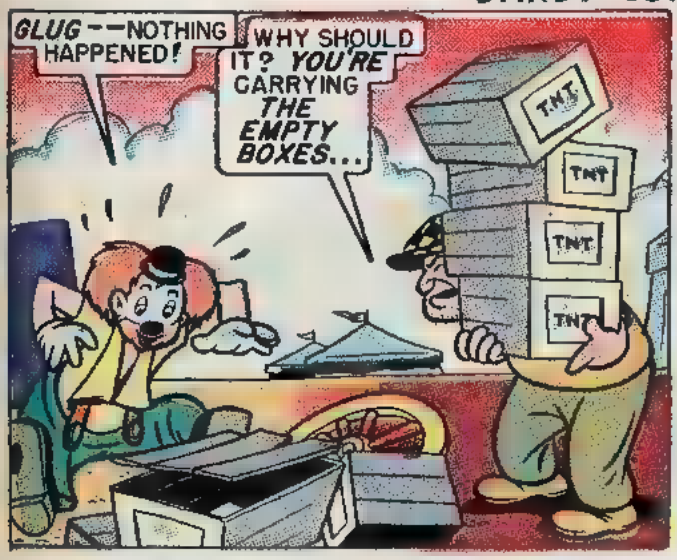

SAY...TUMBLES, BEFORE YOU GO... YOU MUST HELP ME!
B- BUT MY ACT, GROWLER! — THE SHOW — I GOTTA —

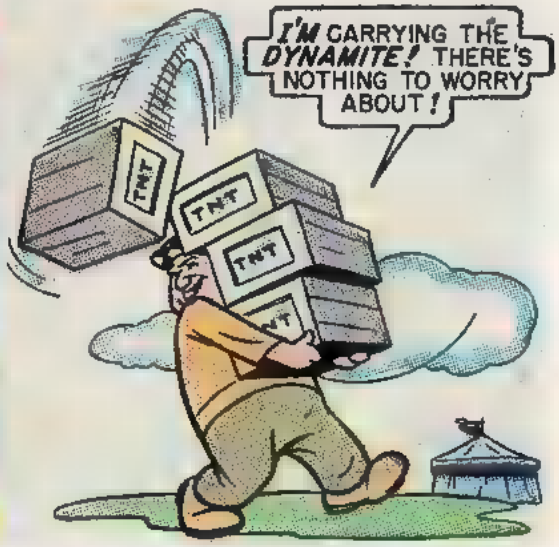
HEY, PEANUTS... YOU'LL FILL IN FOR TUMBLES IF HE'S BUSY, WON'T YOU?
SURE MIKE — DONTCHA GIVE IT ANUDDER T'OUGHT, TUMBLES!
BUT.... BUT....

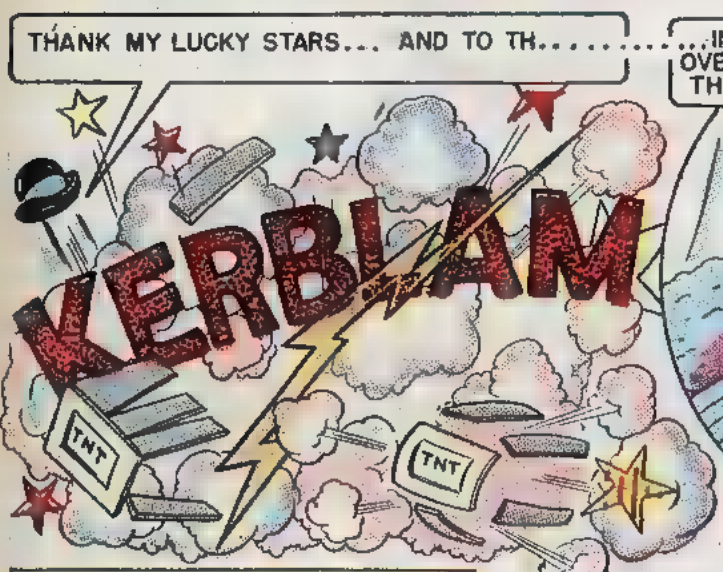

WE JUST HAVE TO SHOVE THESE CASES OUT OF THE WAY!
ER... C-COULDN'T I H-HELP SHOVE SOMETHING ELSE?
TNT
TNT
TNT

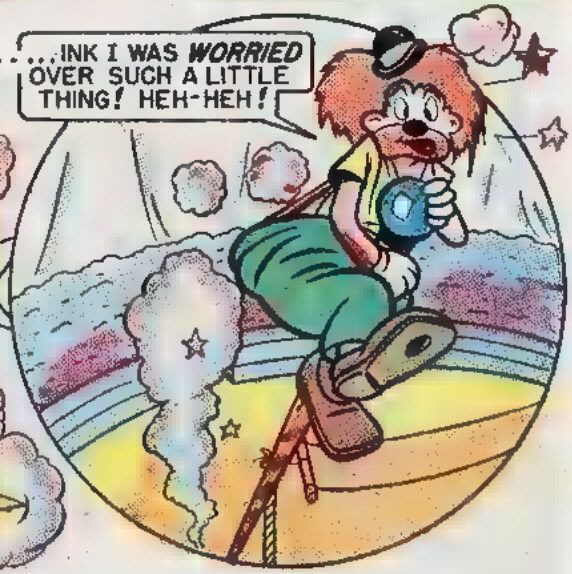

I'D ENJOY SHOVING IF I DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS DYNAMITE!
WHAT ARE YOU WORRYIN' ABOUT?
TNT
TNT
TNT
TNT
TNT
TNT
TNT
TNT
TNT

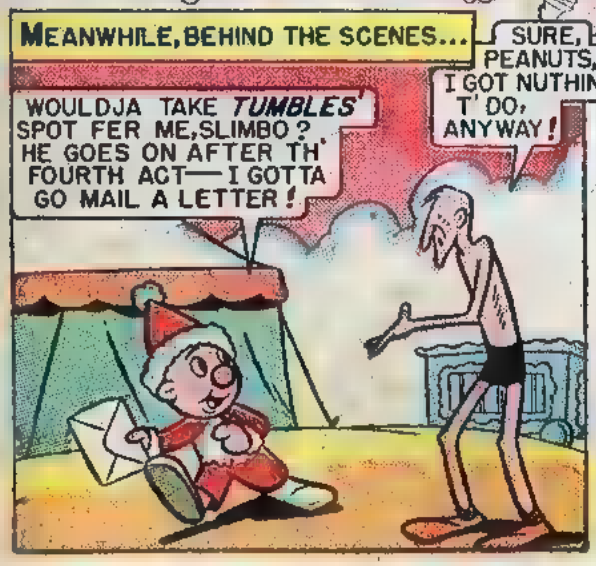

OOOH! LOOK OUT... THIS IS... TOO SOON FOR... THE END!
TNT
TNT

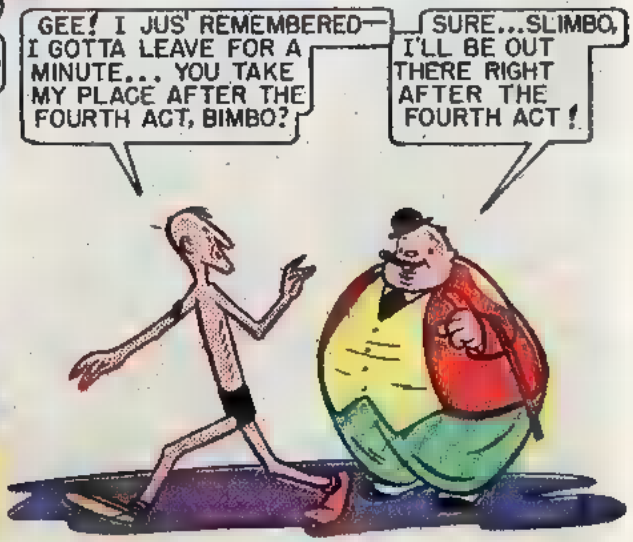

GLUG--NOTHING HAPPENED!
WHY SHOULD IT? YOU'RE CARRYING THE EMPTY BOXES...
TNT
TNT
TNT
TNT

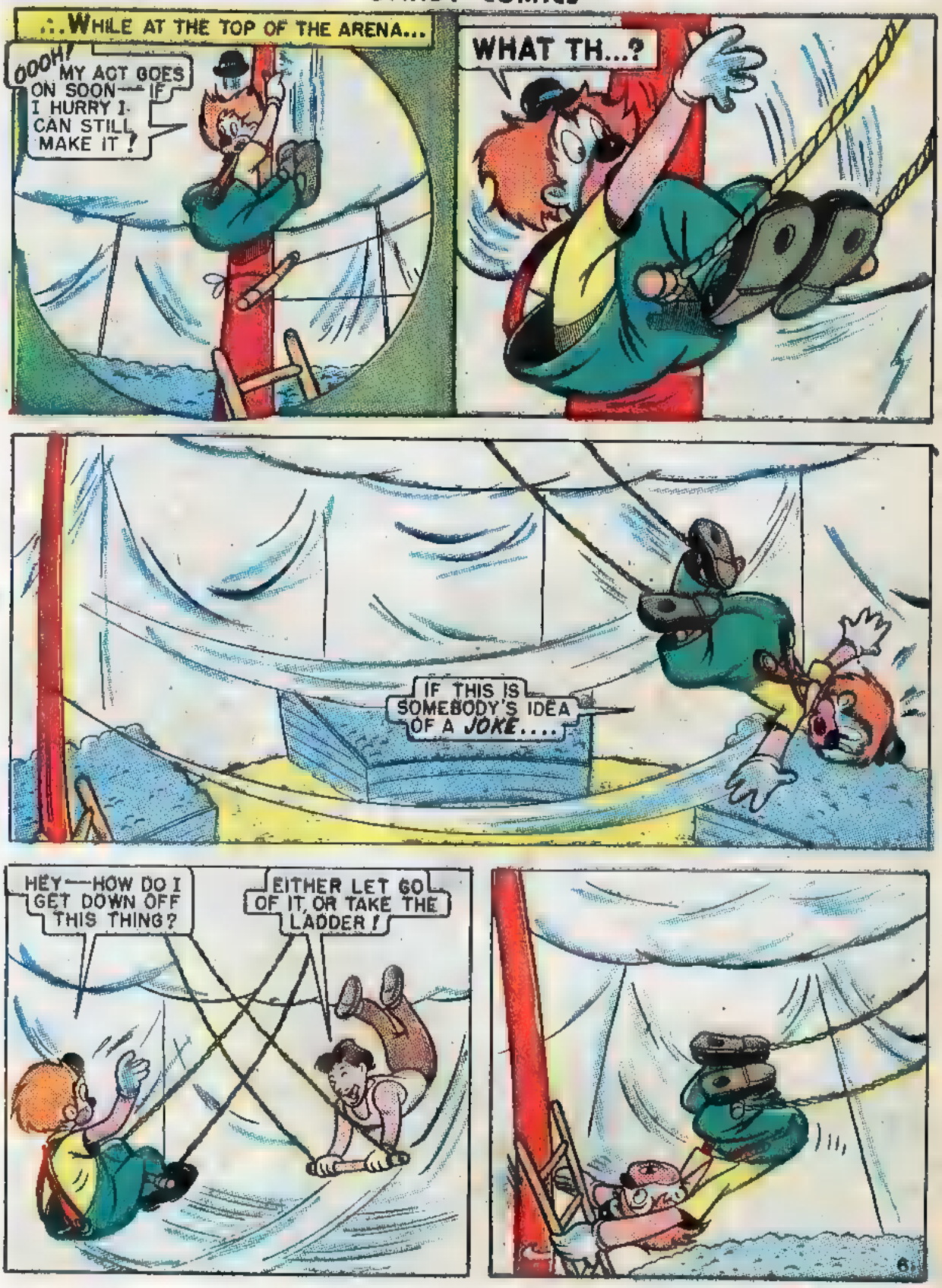

I'M CARRYING THE DYNAMITE! THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!
TNT
TNT
TNT


THANK MY LUCKY STARS... AND TO TH.....
KERBLAM
TNT
TNT

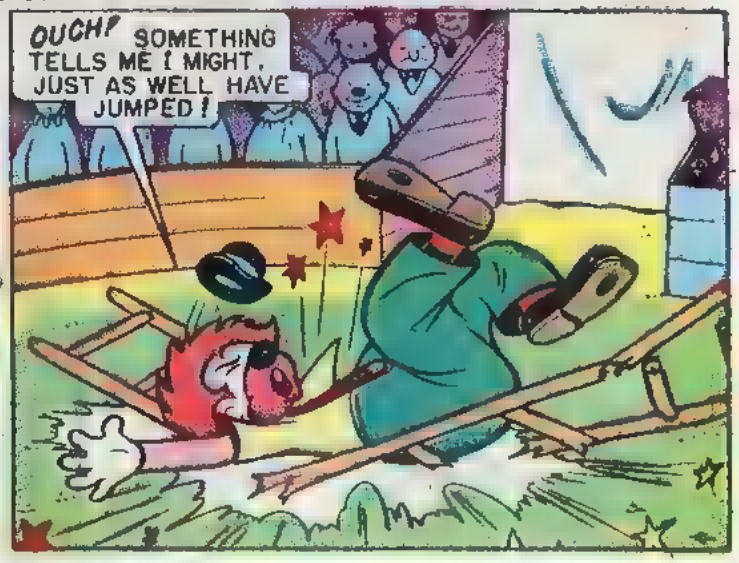

...INK I WAS WORRIED OVER SUCH A LITTLE THING! HEH-HEH!

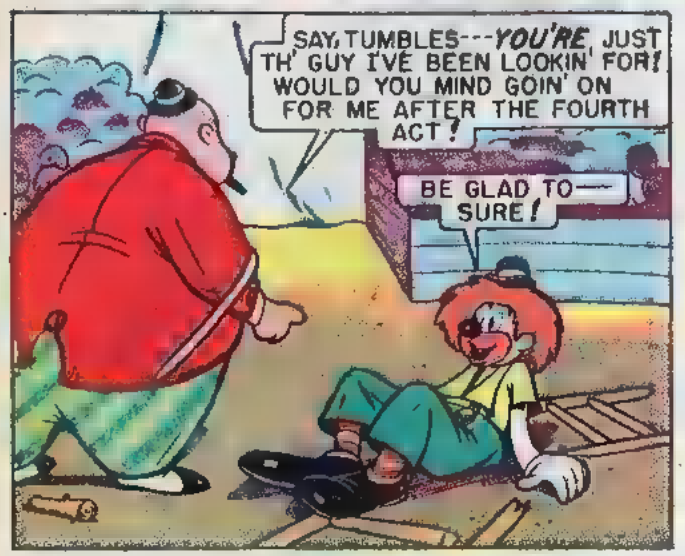

MEANWHILE, BEHIND THE SCENES...
WOULDJA TAKE TUMBLES' SPOT FER ME, SLIMBO? HE GOES ON AFTER TH' FOURTH ACT—I GOTTA GO MAIL A LETTER!
SURE, PEANUTS, I GOT NUTHIN' T' DO, ANYWAY!

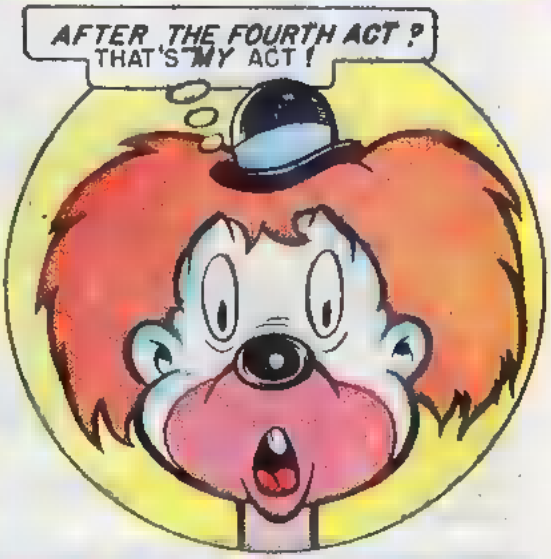

GEE! I JUS' REMEMBERED—I GOTTA LEAVE FOR A MINUTE... YOU TAKE MY PLACE AFTER THE FOURTH ACT, BIMBO?
SURE...SLIMBO, I'LL BE OUT THERE RIGHT AFTER THE FOURTH ACT!

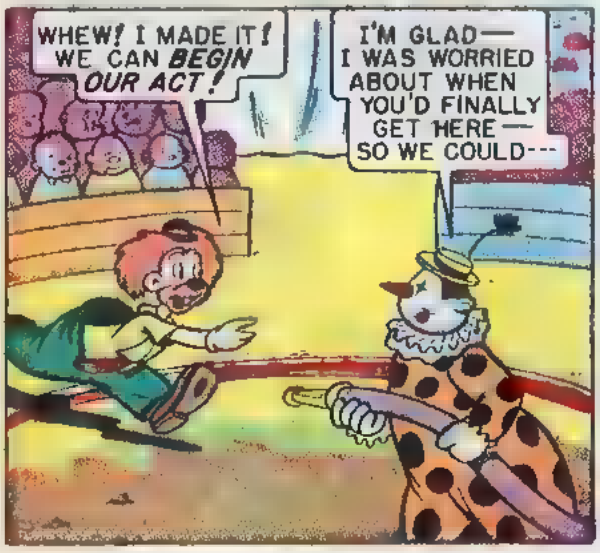

...WHILE AT THE TOP OF THE ARENA...
OOOH! MY ACT GOES ON SOON— IF I HURRY I CAN STILL MAKE IT!
WHAT TH...?
IF THIS IS SOMEBODY'S IDEA OF A JOKE....
HEY—HOW DO I GET DOWN OFF THIS THING?
EITHER LET GO OF IT, OR TAKE THE LADDER!

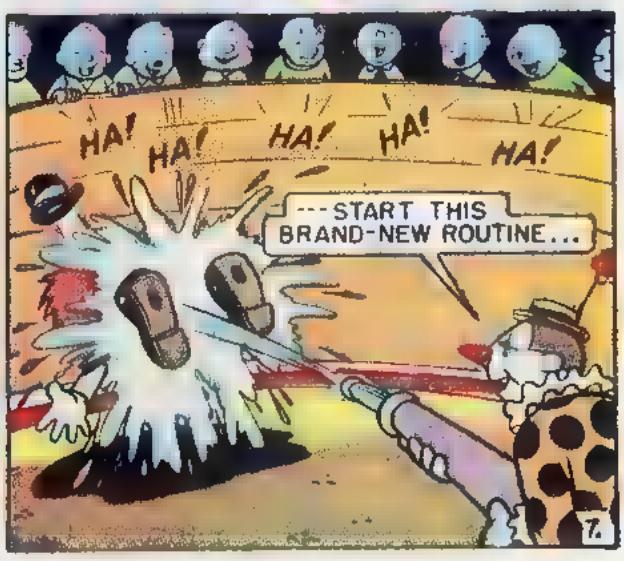
OH!

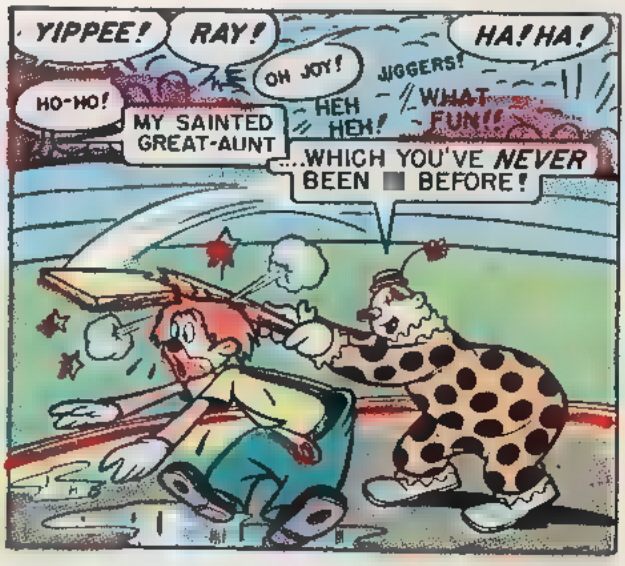

OUCH! SOMETHING TELLS ME I MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE JUMPED!

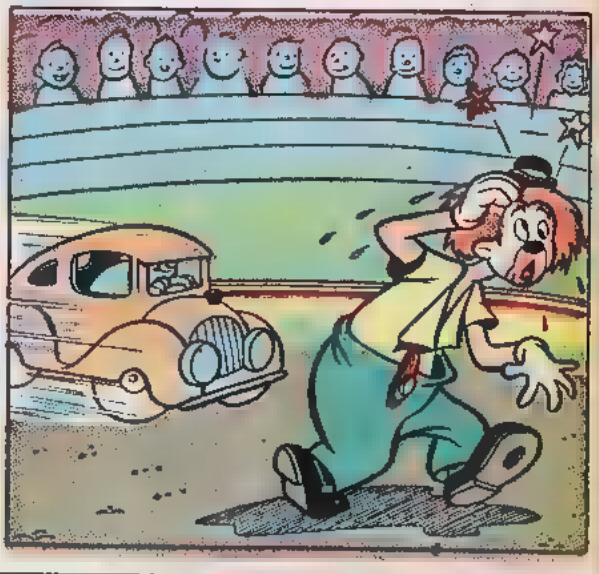

SAY, TUMBLES---YOU'RE JUST TH' GUY I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR! WOULD YOU MIND GOIN' ON FOR ME AFTER THE FOURTH ACT!
BE GLAD TO— SURE!

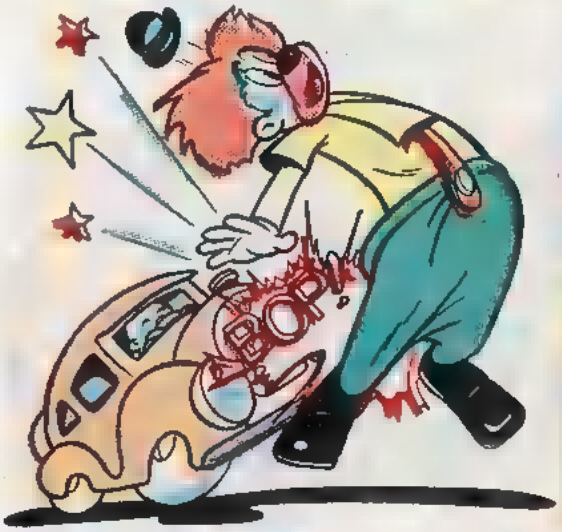

AFTER THE FOURTH ACT? THAT'S MY ACT!

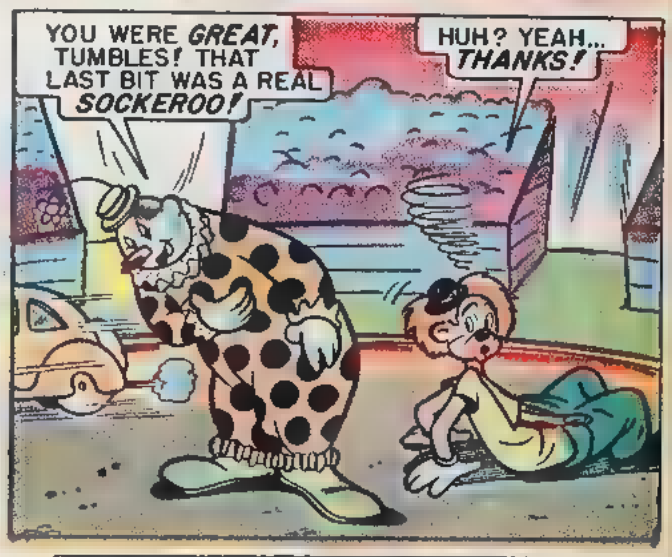

WHEW! I MADE IT! WE CAN BEGIN OUR ACT!
I'M GLAD— I WAS WORRIED ABOUT WHEN YOU'D FINALLY GET HERE— SO WE COULD---

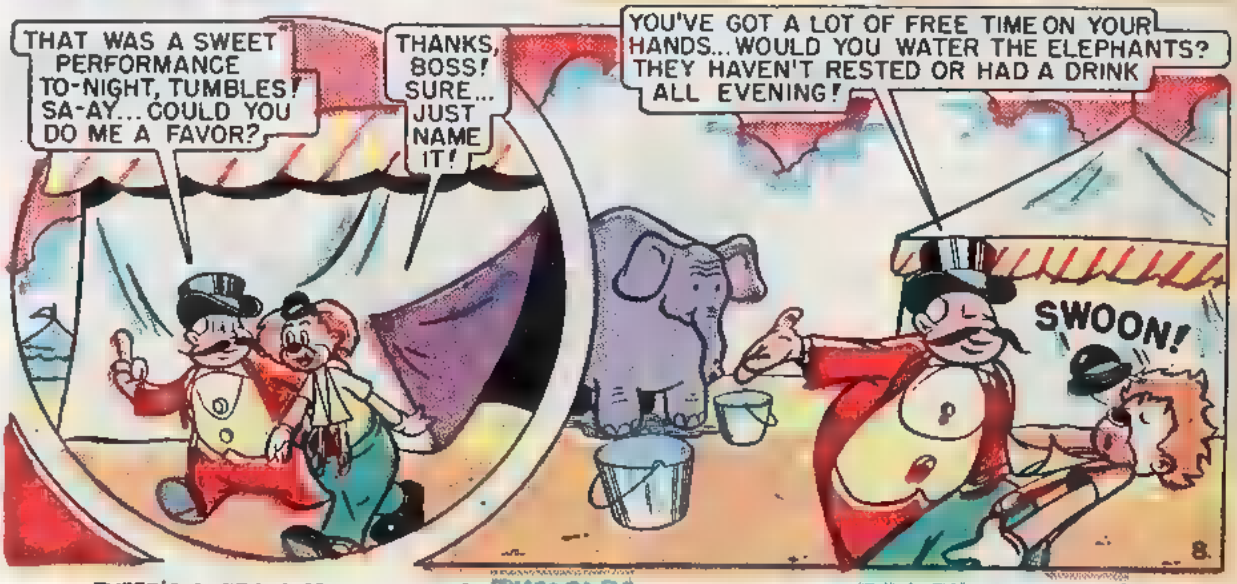

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
---START THIS BRAND-NEW ROUTINE...











THERE'S A CIRCUS OF LAUGHS with TUMBLES IN EVERY ISSUE OF DANDY COMICS!

HOMECOMING DAY

MAYOR COLLINS of Peterville was a very important citizen . . . the leading figure of the whole area, in fact, since Peterville was the largest town in the county.

"Two years ago . . . who would have thought it?" His words, spoken aloud, were addressed to the walls of his richly furnished study. The mayor was alone in the room, sitting behind his huge walnut desk. Triumph was evident in his brightly-gleaming eyes and in the cruel curve of his mouth. His pencil floundered over the notes for the speech he was to deliver at the big Town Homecoming Day, tomorrow. But his thoughts were far, far away.

They went back more than two years, to the time when he was a teller in a small western bank. Handling more money each day than he would ever possess in his entire life! How it angered him . . . until one day he slipped fifty-thousand dollars from the bank vault and stuffed it into his briefcase.

It was all carefully planned: he was going to leave town . . . but another teller came back unexpectedly and caught him in the act of stealing the bank's funds! He hit the fellow across the face with his brief-case . . . just enough to stun the man. But in falling, the man's head slammed against the marble floor and he was out. For GOOD! So it was not just theft . . . now it was MURDER as well! Yet here he was, the respected Mayor Collins, leading citizen of Peterville!

HIS APPEARANCE had changed greatly in those two years. His hair, formerly dark brown, had whitened completely. He wore a mustache now, had put on weight and no longer had qualms about having his picture in the paper. And still, he worried just a trifle, because one woman . . . the widow Winters . . . watched him in a way that made him uneasy.

She looked harmless enough . . . simple, housewifely. He often noticed her in the crowds listening to his speeches. She always stood in the same irritating posture, head cocked to one side as if she were trying to recall where she had seen him before. There was something sinister behind that childlike gaze of hers : . . could she KNOW? Was it possible?

He couldn't shake off the feeling that she might be planning to expose him. What was she waiting for . . . why didn't she speak out?

There could be only one reason . . . she was not SURE! She was waiting for proof . . . watching him . . . waiting. Like a vulture!

Collins made up his mind. The widow Winters must be put out of the way! He must kill her. Then he would have nothing to fear!

With a wild laugh, Collins rose from his chair. Yes, he would do it! Already he had a beautiful plan in mind!

"The BALL!" he whispered to himself. "The Masquerade Ball I went to last year! I dressed as a Milkman! The costume must be around somewhere!"

Mayor Collins climbed the stairs that led to the dusty attic. He rummaged through boxes, trunks, valises and bags, until at last he found the Milkman's costume.

Laughing softly, he put it on, pulled the visor of the cap low over his face. No one would ever recognize His Honor, the Mayor, in THAT disguise . . . especially with a dark wig and mustache to cover his own white hair. He had worn those too, at the Ball, and they were someplace in the attic!

HE RETURNED to his desk and rummaged among his keys until he finally located one that opened a tiny compartment. He drew out a small vial containing a deadly poison . . . POTASSIUM CYANIDE!

A sardonic smile twisted his mouth as he recalled how he had obtained the poison.

Alone, desperate, pursued by police, he had decided to take his own life! It had been a simple thing to go into a drug store and ask the pharmacist to take a piece of cinder from one of his eyes. When the druggist was called to wait on a customer, Collins had stolen a small quantity of the poison!

He had long since renounced the thought of suicide, but something had prompted him to keep the Cyanide. Could he possibly have foreseen the present need for it?

THE WIDOW WINTERS lived alone in a small cottage on Elm Street. She was quite alone in the world . . . there was little chance that the poison would go to anyone else.

Mayor Collins knew too, what time Ben Craig, the Milkman, made his rounds. Ben reached Elm Street about five o'clock in the morning, and left one quart of milk on the porch of the Winters' house.

Mayor Collins left his house at five-fifteen. Sure enough, the quart bottle of milk was in front of the Winters' door. Glancing up and down the street Collins saw no one. And in case anyone should see him, all they would remember about him was his Milkman's uniform.

Quickly, he removed the cap from the bottle and emptied the vial into the milk. He replaced the cap, shook the bottle vigorously, and walked away from the house. The job was done!

He felt immensely relieved. He laughed to think how afraid he had been! He was so exhausted when he arrived home that he slept until two o'clock in the afternoon. When he awoke he felt completely refreshed, and started out for the scene of Peterville's Homecoming Day celebration.

Everyone remarked how radiant Mayor Collins was. His speech met with enthusiastic applause. He presided at the Dog Show, examined the prize bull brought into town by Farmer Nelson, walked about and shook hands with his constituents. Never was Mayor Collins more popular than on this sunny, happy day.

Mrs. Roberts, wife of Peterville's leading merchant, rushed toward the Mayor with a thick slab of cake on a paper plate.

"Mr. Mayor, you simply MUST have the first slice of cake," she said. "This one is the first prize winner . . . and you should taste it FIRST!" Mayor Collins grinned at the expectant crowd, as he sat down to face his pleasant task. He began on the cake with great, noisy smacks of his lips that made people chuckle in appreciation.

He was halfway through when he began to feel strange. He faltered, holding a forkful of cake suspended in mid-air.

"What's wrong? Don't you like it?" Mrs. Roberts' voice was all concern.

Mayor Collins took a deep breath and forced a smile, to keep up appearances. What if he had to take a little bicarbonate for his indigestion later? It would never do to offend these good ladies!

"Delicious!" he assured them.

"I'm glad of that!" Mrs. Roberts' voice sounded relieved. "Because Mrs. Winters always bakes the best cakes in town and . . ."

"Mrs. Winters?" Mayor Collins stared at the faces around him. There was the widow, her round, childlike eyes full upon him . . . her head cocked to one side.

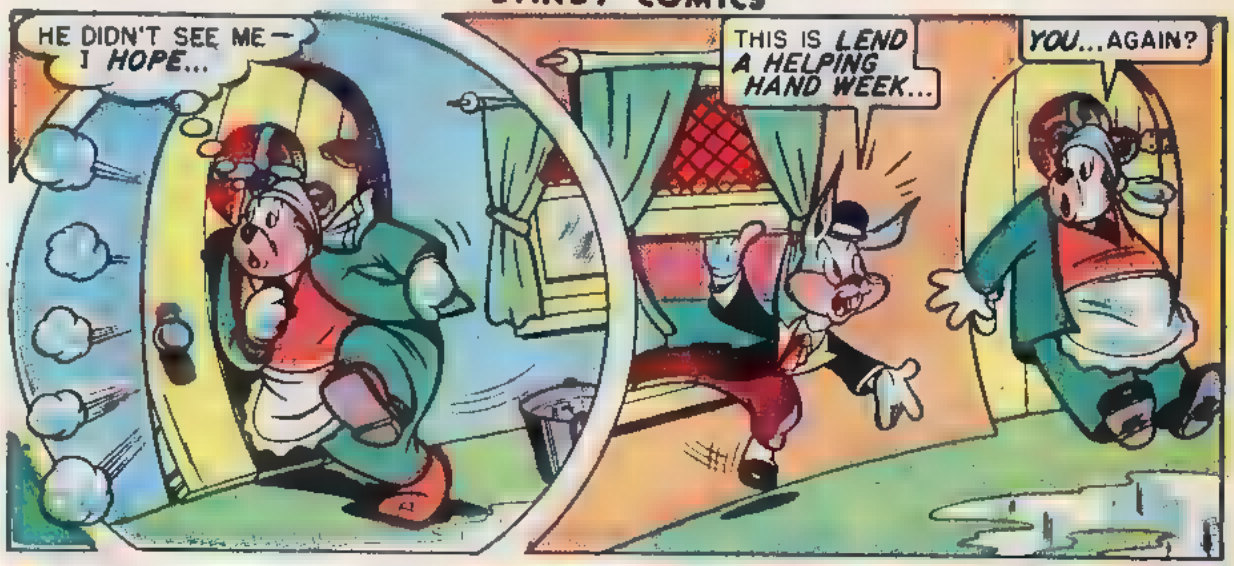
"That's because I always use plenty of eggs and milk when I bake a cake!" Mrs. Winters said proudly.

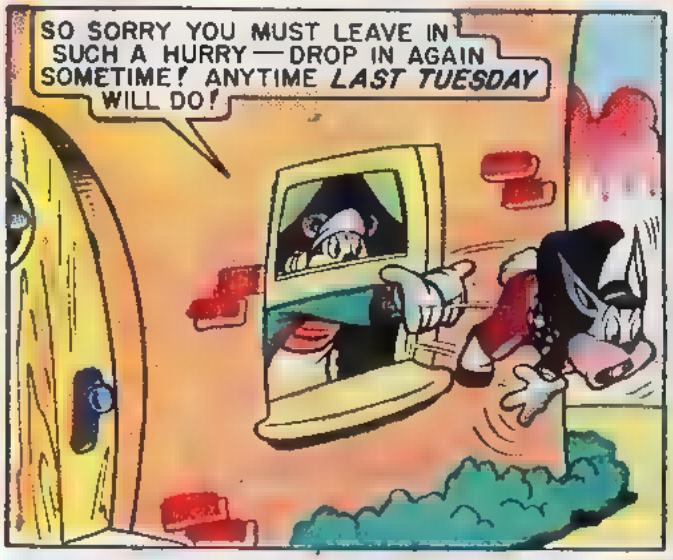
"PLENTY OF MILK. . . ."

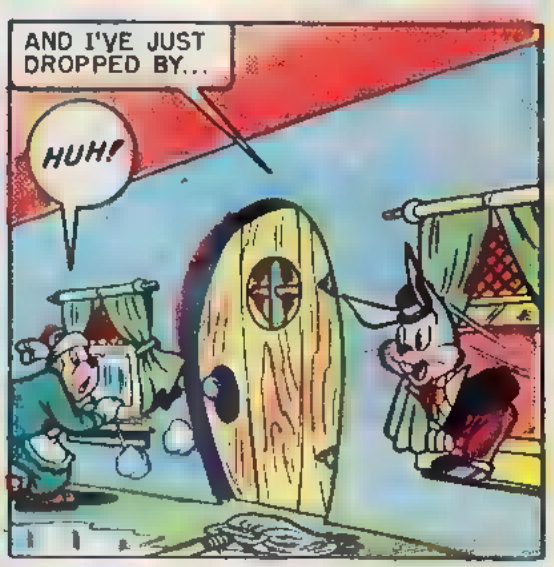
Mrs. Winters' face blurred before the Mayor. Sweat poured down his face and his hands shook uncontrollably. The plate cake fell from his fingers and rolled away.

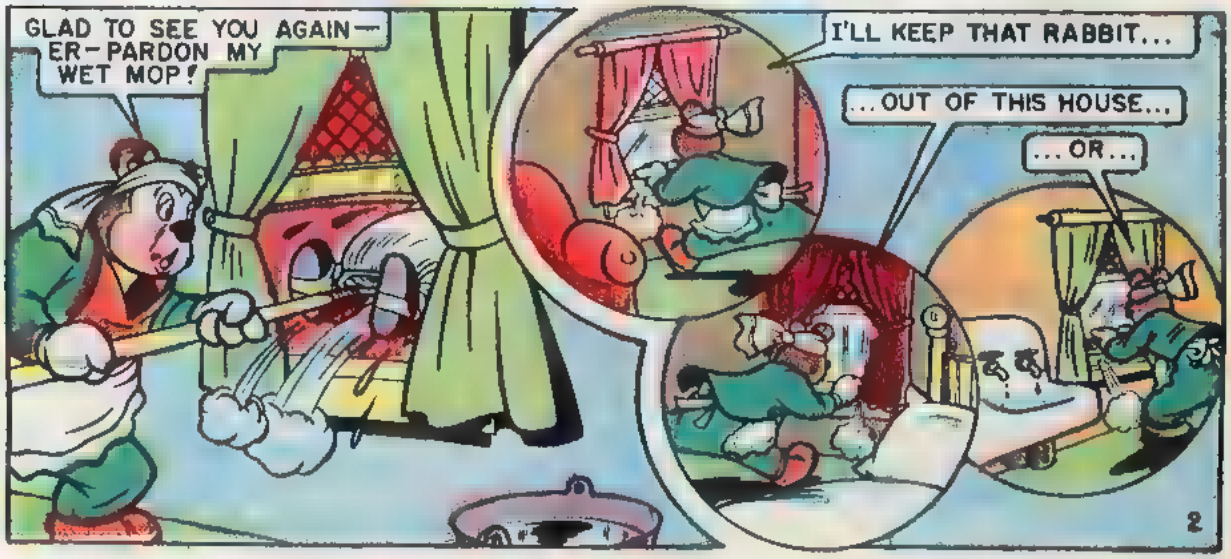
HOW COULD SUCH a thing happen . . . such a ghastly trick of fate be played on him? He pitched forward and lay face-down on the grass. His breath came in short painful gasps. Great steel hands were pressing against his stomach, and clanging bells rang in his ears. There were many forms bending over him and hands were trying to lift him from the ground, but he could think of only one thing. Cyanide was supposed to work fast . . . they said it took only a few seconds!

DANDY
IT'S VERY NICE OF YOU TO HELP ME ACROSS THE STREET, DANDY, BECAUSE I HAVE SOMETHING IN MY EYE!
THINK NOTHING OF IT, OLD FRIEND—AFTER ALL, ISN'T THIS LEND A HAND WEEK?
I'VE GOT SO MUCH WORK TO DO—GEE—I HOPE IT'S NOT DANDY!
IT'S HIM!
YIPE!
NOBODY HOME—GOODBYE PLEASE!
HELLO, DIMMY!
DO NOT DISTURB

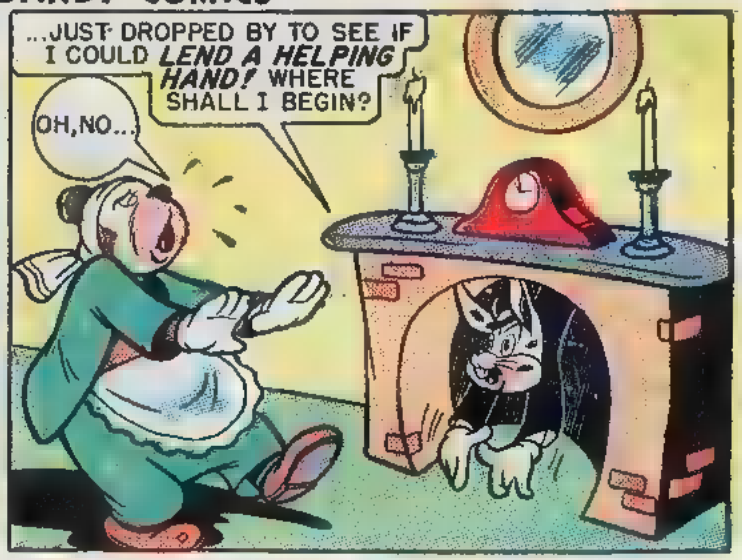

HE DIDN'T SEE ME— I HOPE...
THIS IS LEND A HELPING HAND WEEK...
YOU...AGAIN?

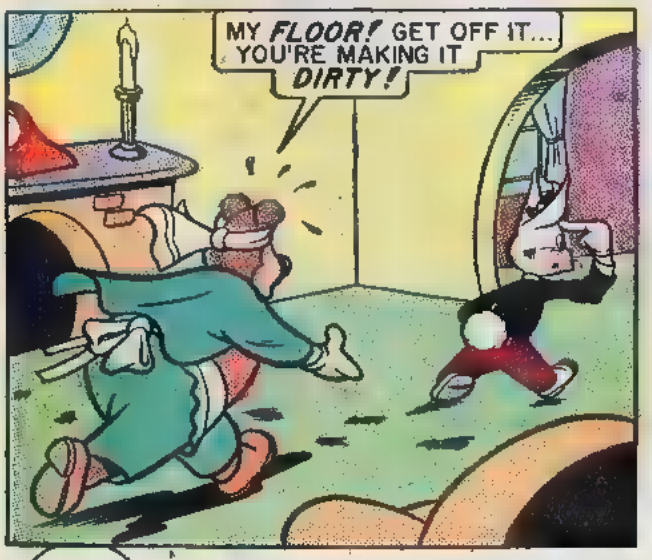

SO SORRY YOU MUST LEAVE IN SUCH A HURRY—DROP IN AGAIN SOMETIME! ANYTIME LAST TUESDAY WILL DO!

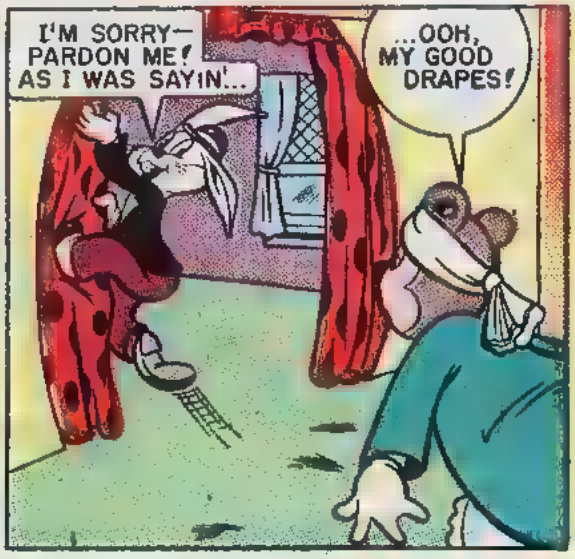

AND I'VE JUST DROPPED BY...
HUH!

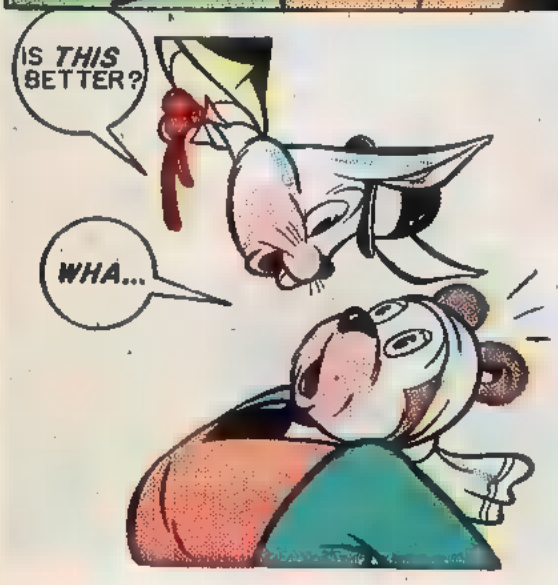

GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN— ER—PARDON MY WET MOP!
I'LL KEEP THAT RABBIT...
...OUT OF THIS HOUSE...
...OR...

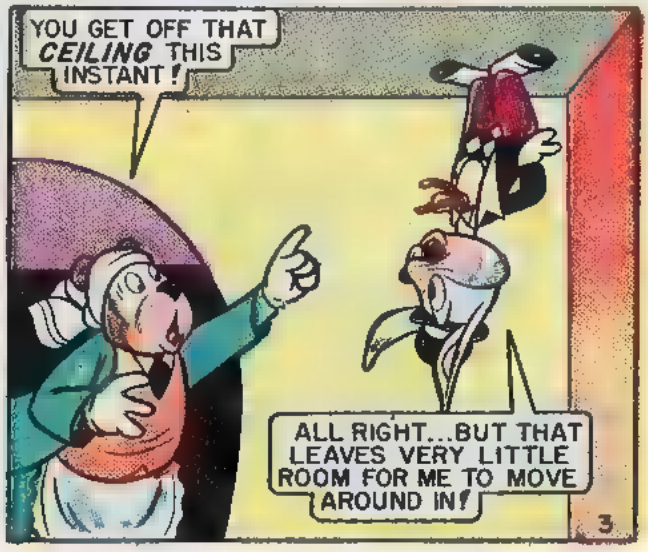
...KNOW THE REASON WHY! WHA...?

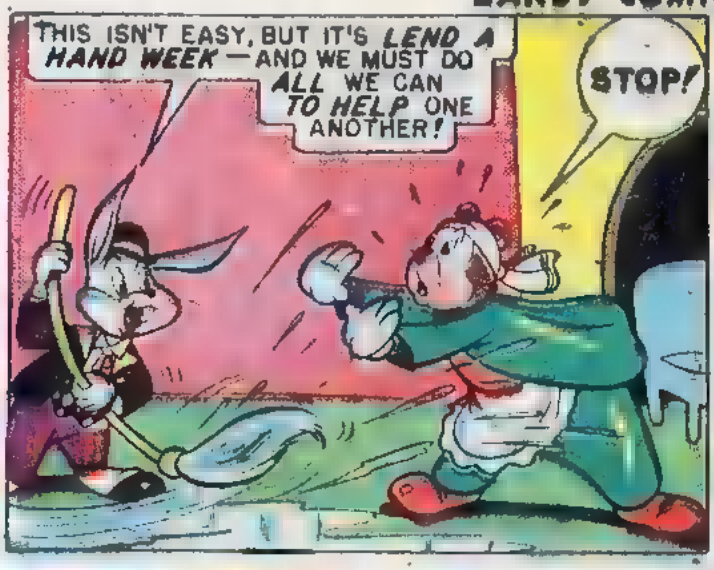

...JUST DROPPED BY TO SEE IF I COULD LEND A HELPING HAND! WHERE SHALL I BEGIN?
OH, NO...


MY FLOOR! GET OFF IT... YOU'RE MAKING IT DIRTY!

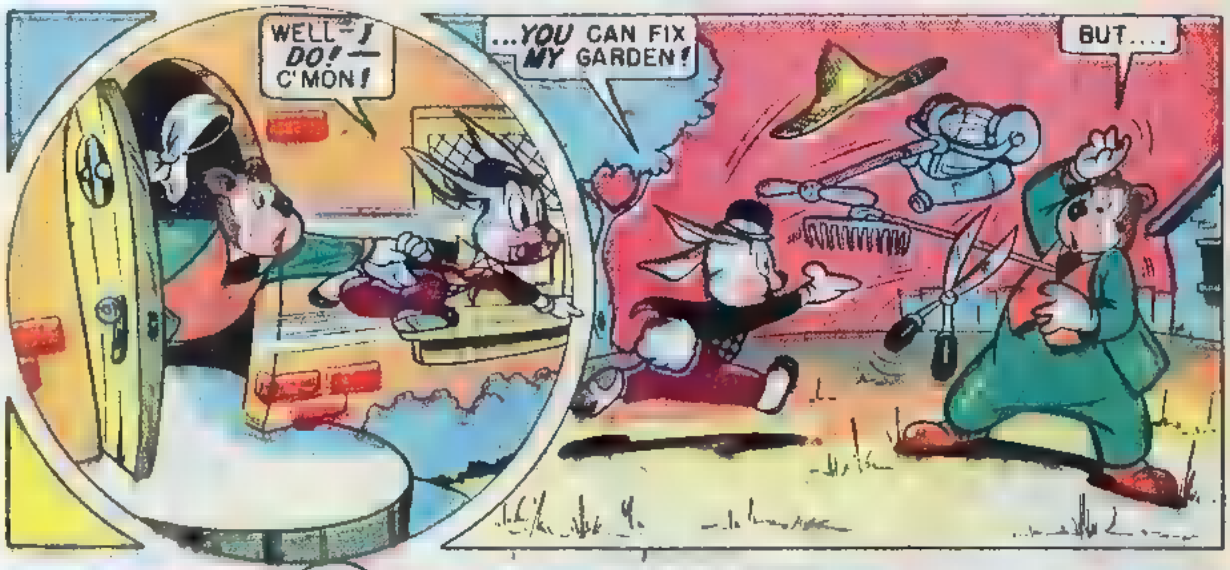

I'M SORRY— PARDON ME! AS I WAS SAYIN'...
...OOH, MY GOOD DRAPES!

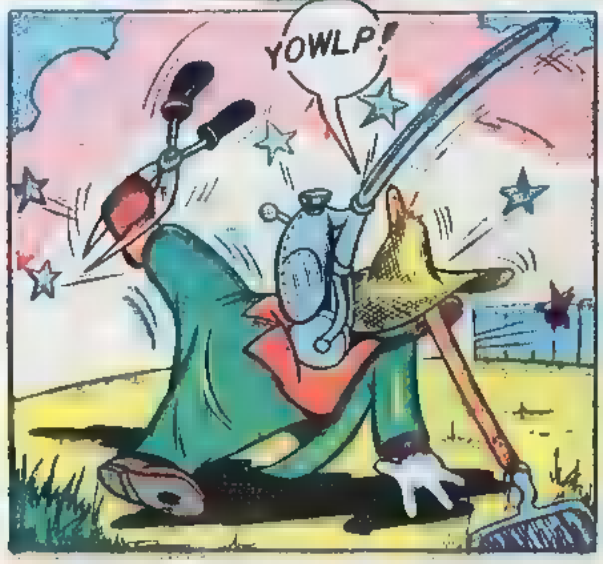

IS THIS BETTER?
WHA...


YOU GET OFF THAT CEILING THIS INSTANT!
ALL RIGHT...BUT THAT LEAVES VERY LITTLE ROOM FOR ME TO MOVE AROUND IN!

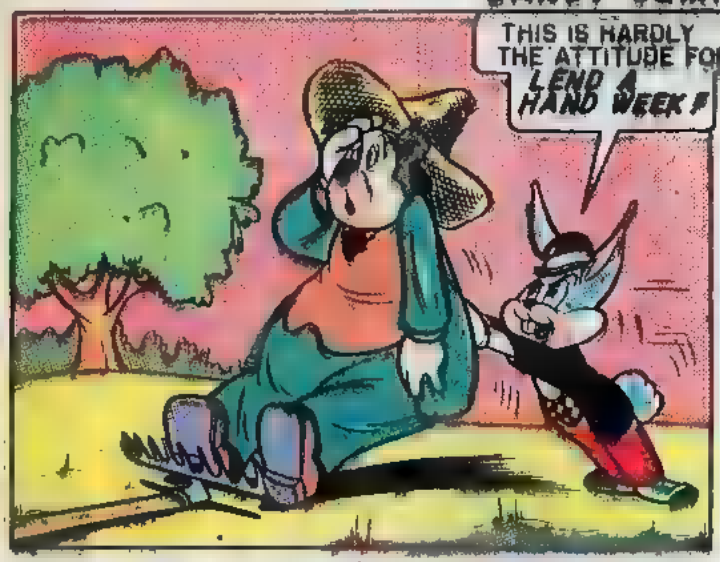

THIS ISN'T EASY, BUT IT'S LEND A HAND WEEK — AND WE MUST DO ALL WE CAN TO HELP ONE ANOTHER!
STOP!

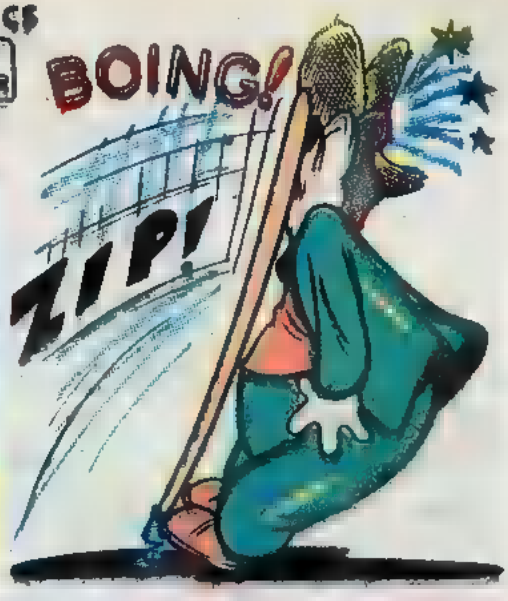
PLEASE...I DON'T NEED ANY HELP!
ARE YOU SURE?

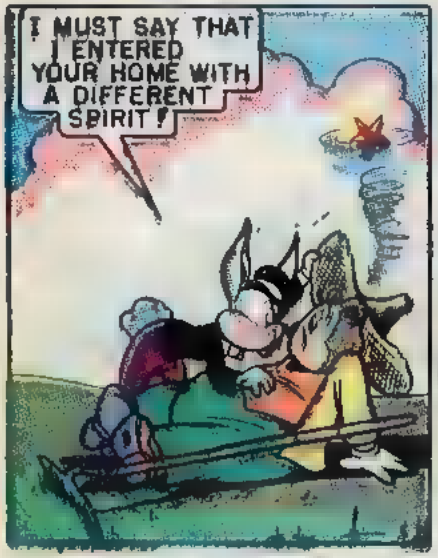

WELL — I DO! — C'MON!
...YOU CAN FIX MY GARDEN!
BUT....

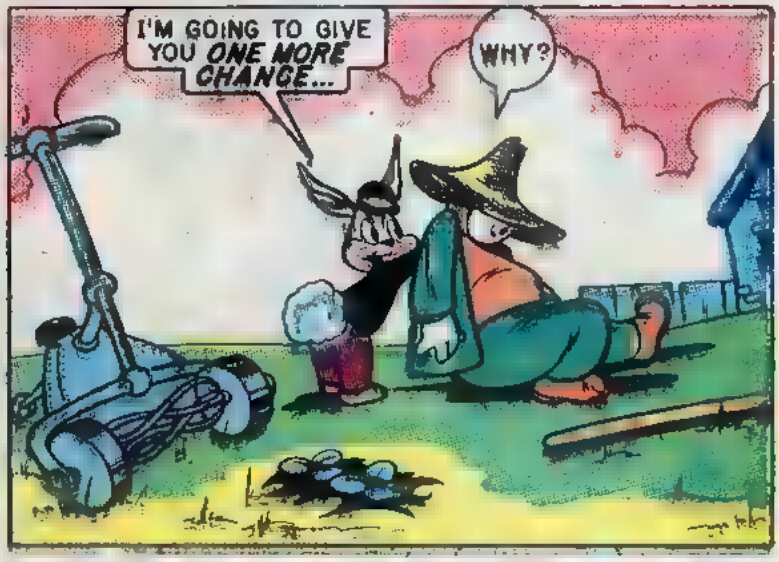

YOWLP!

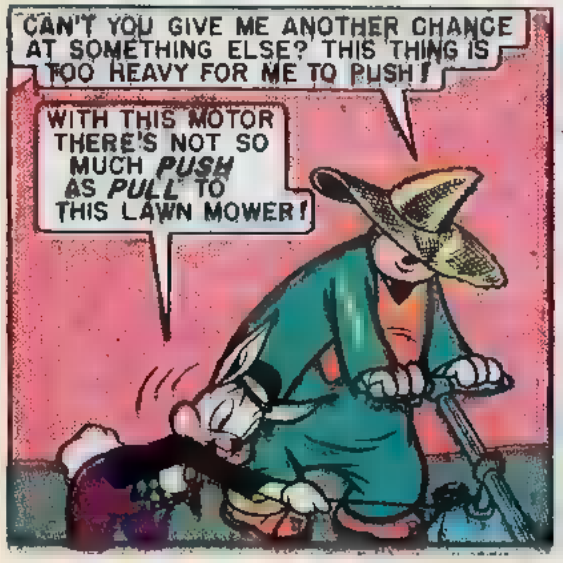
TSK...TSK...LAYING DOWN ON THE JOB ALREADY?

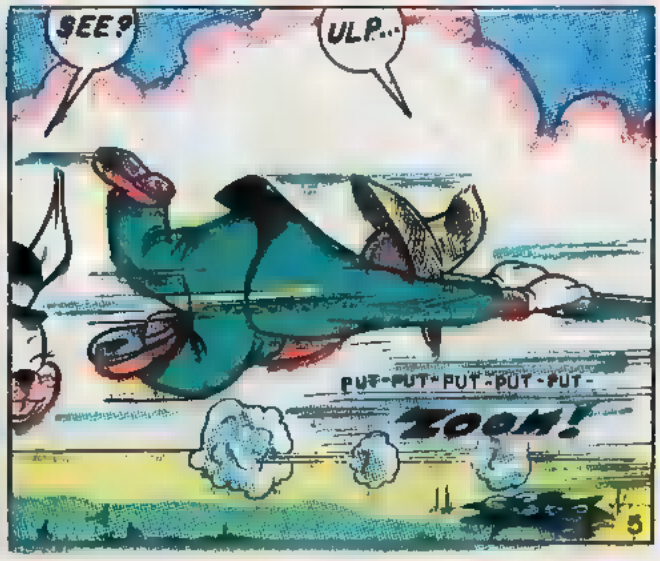

THIS IS HARDLY THE ATTITUDE FOR LEND A HAND WEEK!

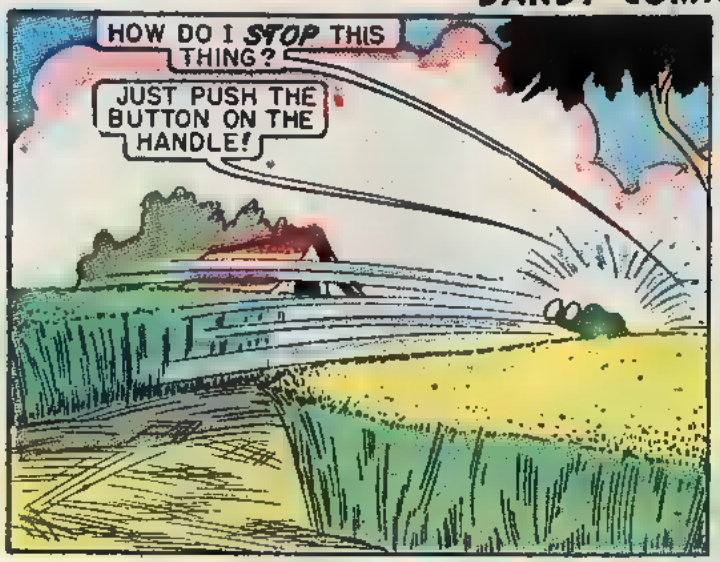

BOING!
ZIP!

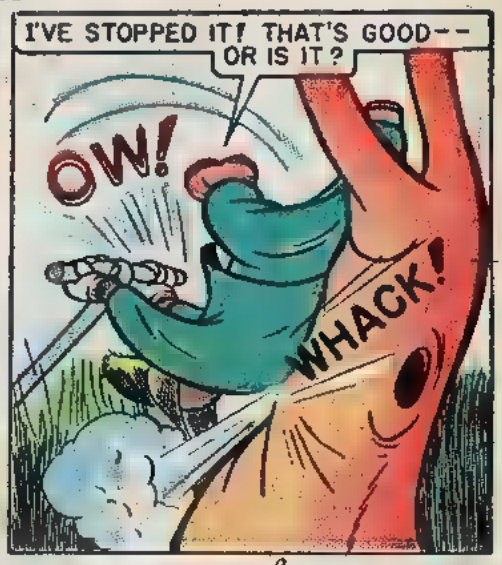

I MUST SAY THAT I ENTERED YOUR HOME WITH A DIFFERENT SPIRIT!

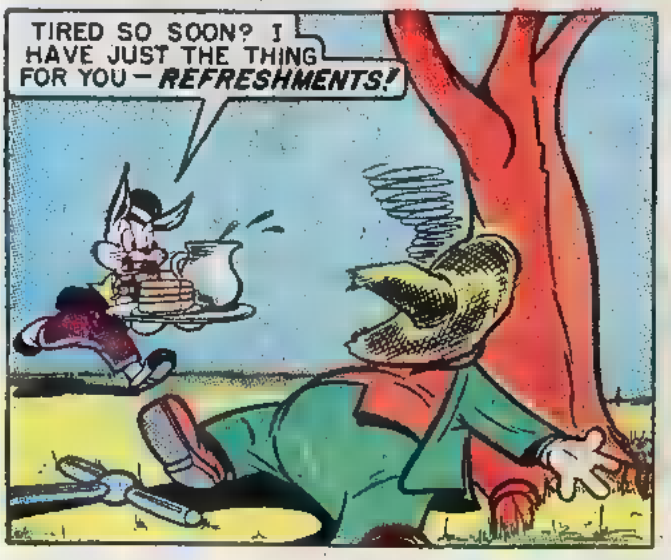

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE...
WHY?


CAN'T YOU GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE AT SOMETHING ELSE? THIS THING IS TOO HEAVY FOR ME TO PUSH!
WITH THIS MOTOR THERE'S NOT SO MUCH PUSH AS PULL TO THIS LAWN MOWER!

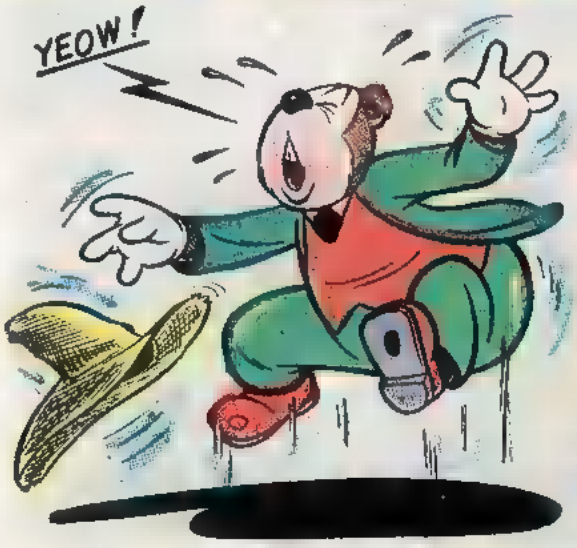

SEE?
ULP...
PUT-PUT-PUT-PUT-PUT-
ZOOM!

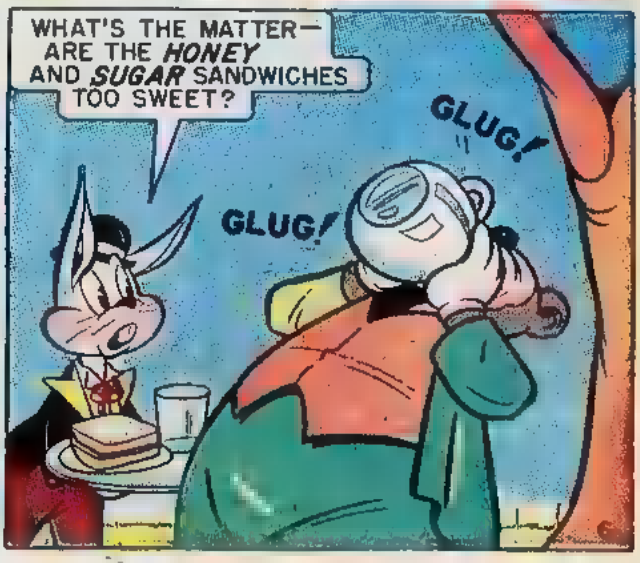

HOW DO I *STOP* THIS THING?
JUST PUSH THE BUTTON ON THE HANDLE!

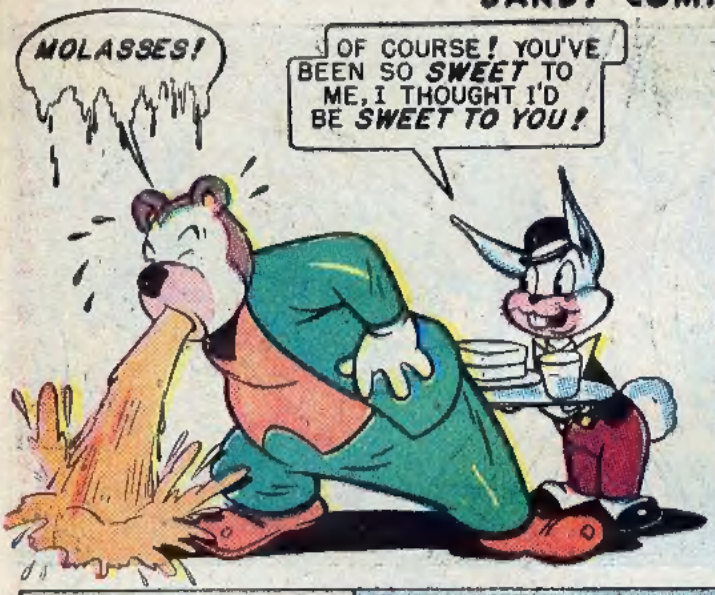

I'VE STOPPED IT! THAT'S GOOD-- OR IS IT?
OW!
WHACK!


TIRED SO SOON? I HAVE JUST THE THING FOR YOU—*REFRESHMENTS!*

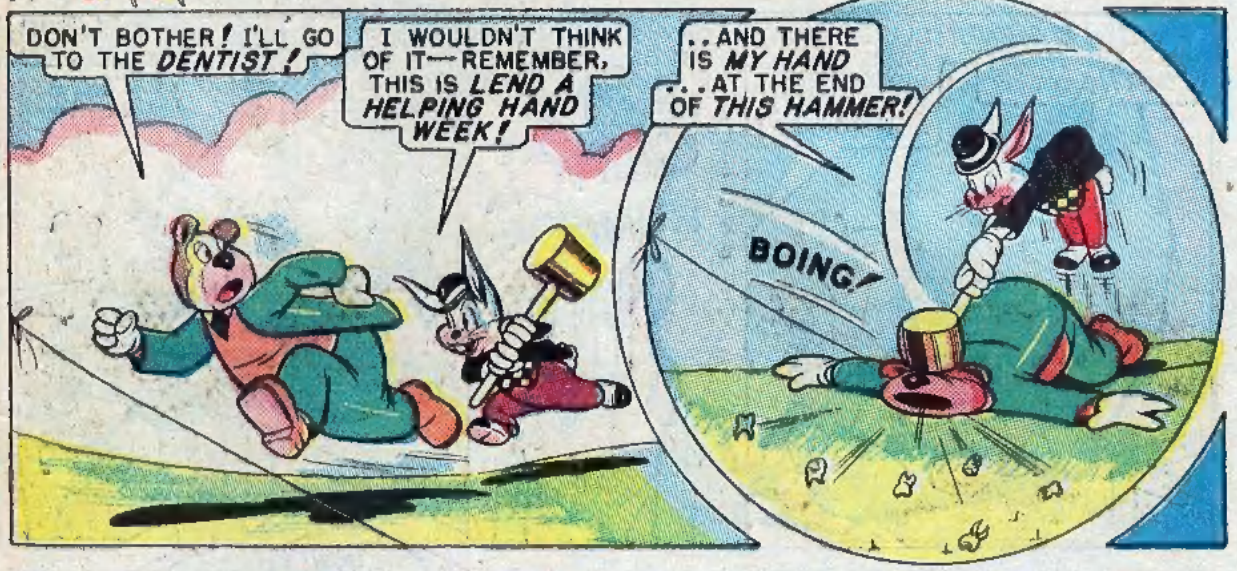
HAVE A SANDWICH!

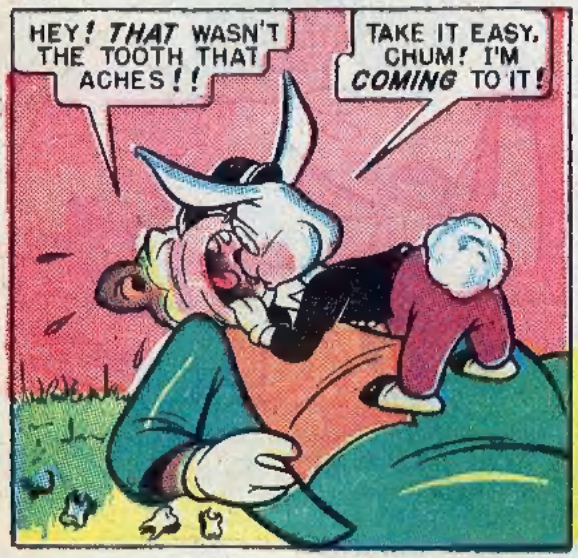

YEOW!


WHAT'S THE MATTER— ARE THE *HONEY* AND *SUGAR* SANDWICHES TOO SWEET?
GLUG!
GLUG!

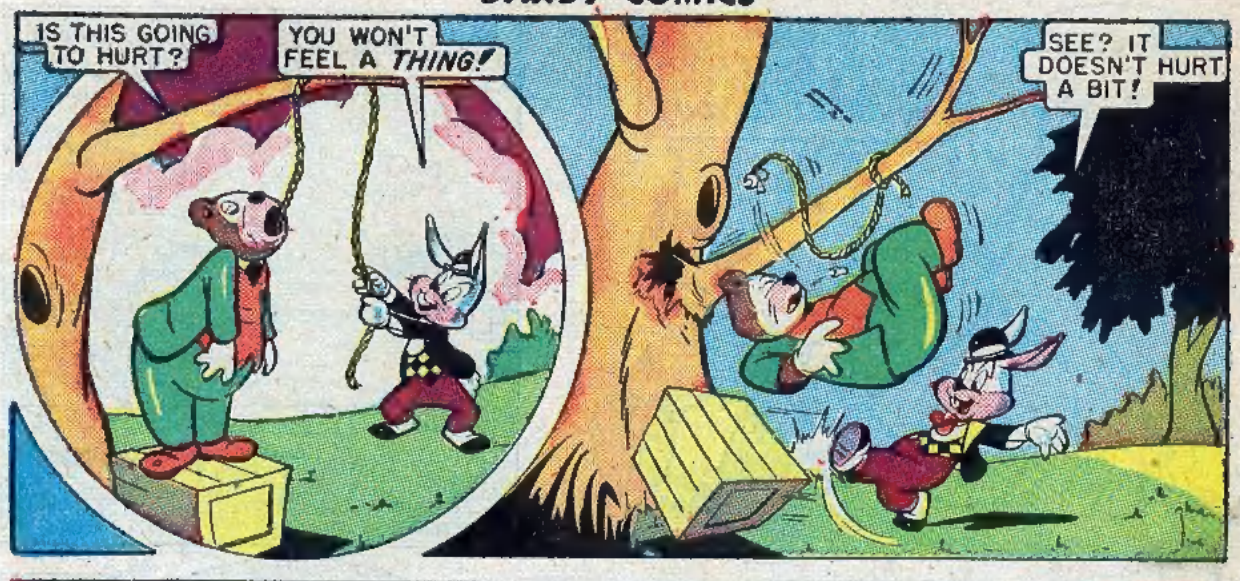

MOLASSES!
OF COURSE! YOU'VE BEEN SO SWEET TO ME, I THOUGHT I'D BE SWEET TO YOU!

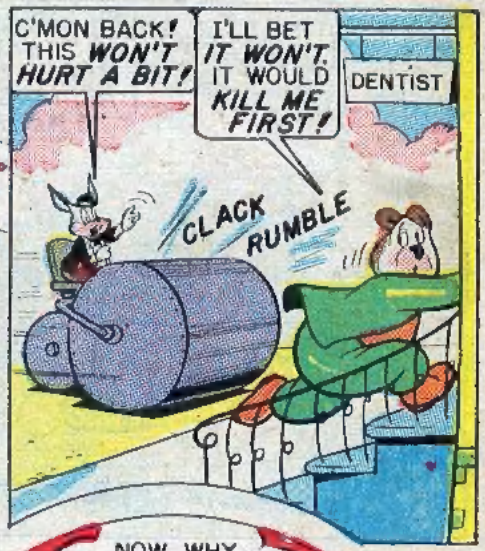
OOHH! NOW MY TOOTH HURTS!
DON'T GO AWAY— I'LL FIX IT BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!

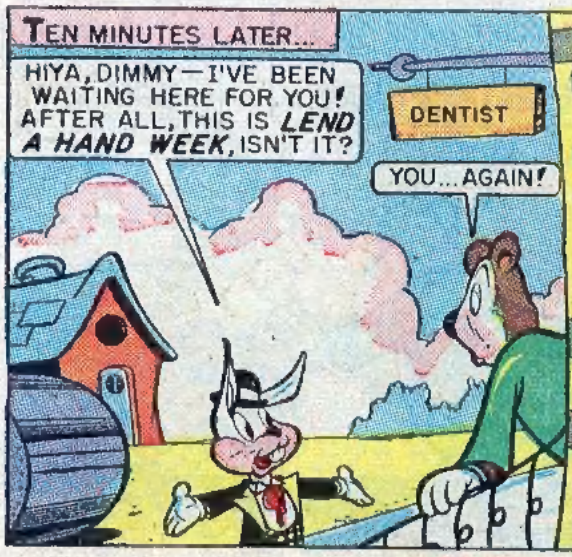

DON'T BOTHER! I'LL GO TO THE DENTIST!
I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT—REMEMBER, THIS IS LEND A HELPING HAND WEEK!
..AND THERE IS MY HAND ...AT THE END OF THIS HAMMER!
BOING!

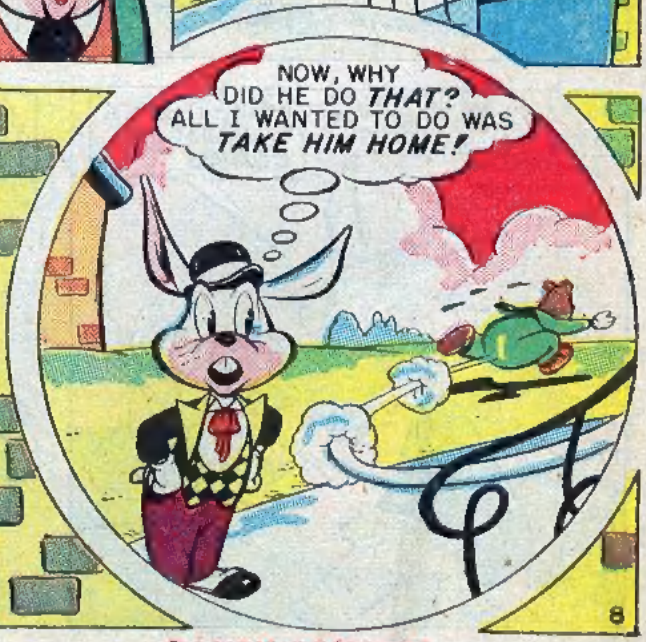

HEY! THAT WASN'T THE TOOTH THAT ACHES!!
TAKE IT EASY, CHUM! I'M COMING TO IT!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO TO ALL THIS TROUBLE— I'LL JUST DROP INTO THE DENTIST'S OFFICE...
NO TROUBLE AT ALL —TRY THIS ROPE ON YOUR TOOTH FOR SIZE!









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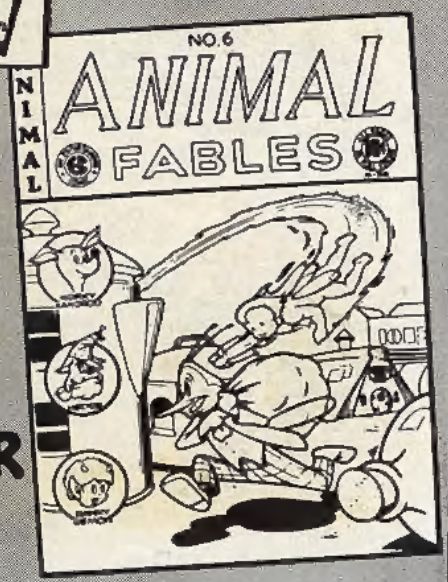

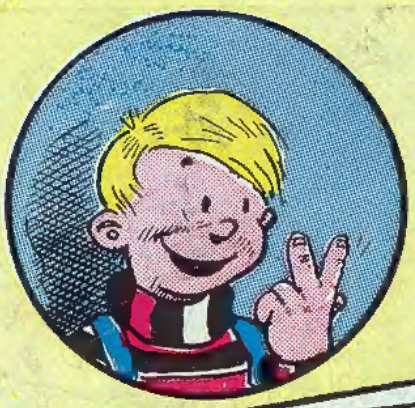

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